THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR

THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED

SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR DECEMBER, 1810.

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This Number is embellished with the following Copper-plates:

1. The GENEROUS ROBBERY.
1. LONDON MORNING and EVENING DRESSES.
3. New and elegant PATTERNS for CHILDREN'S CAPS, &c.

LONDON:

Printed for G. *ROBINSON, No.* 25, *Paternoster-Row;*

Where Favors from Correspondents continue to be received.

ADDRESS

TO THE

FAIR PATRONESSES OF THE LADY'S MAGAZINE.

WHILE the proprietor, with heart-felt pleasure, congratulates himself on the un-interrupted continuance of that liberal patronage which the LADY'S MAGAZINE has uniformly experienced from the British Fair during the long period of forty years, he feels that pleasure not unmixed with painful regret, that, by the imperious circumstances of the times, he is compelled to raise the price of his publication to 1*s*. 6*d*. By this trifling increase of price, however, he will henceforth be enabled to print the Magazine on paper of superior quality, and to give increased elegance to the plates. Besides these improvements, it will, by a new arrangement, be made to contain a greater quantity of matter than heretofore; and the Editor has formed a plan for giving a much greater variety, as well of original pieces, as of useful and entertaining selections from the best modern productions of the British press, with occasional translations from foreign languages.

The Subscribers are therefore respectfully informed, that,

On Friday, February 1, 1811, *will be published,*

Price 1*s*. 6*d*.

THE LADY'S MAGAZINE

For *JANUARY* 1811,

EMBELLISHED WITH

1. A BEAUTIFUL FRONTISPIECE, designed and engraved by eminent artists.

2. An elegantly engraved TITLE PAGE.

3. A PORTRAIT of LORD VISCOUNT WELLINGTON, engraved by HEATH, from an engraving just published by BARTOLOZZI at Lisbon.

4. LONDON FASHIONABLE DRESSES, elegantly colored.

5. A new PATTERN for NEEDLEWORK:

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE.
For DECEMBER, 1810.

The Generous Robbery, A Tale; *with an illustrative engraving.*

In the vicinity of Bristol, lived Mr. Freeport, a gentleman who had retired from business in that city, after having amassed a tolerable fortune by his successful exertions in commerce. He was now a widower, and had no other issue than two sons, Henry and George. Henry, the elder, he had bred up to the profession of the law, and George to that of merchandise.

The dispositions of the two young men were as widely different as their professional pursuits; Henry was cunning, selfish, avaricious, little scrupulous respecting the means to be employed in obtaining his ends, provided that he could only keep himself safe from the lash of the law; while George was generous, open, candid, sin ere, and actuated by principles of the nicest honor.

After having served his apprenticeship under an eminent solicitor in the Inner Temple, Henry returned to Bristol, the place of his nativity, where he commenced practice as an attorney, and had very good success.

George, on the other hand, having, a little before the expiration of his apprenticeship, been sent out by his master to America, as supercargo, with a large consignment of goods, was so delighted with the cheerful independence and equality enjoyed by the inhabitants of that happy region, and with the inviting opportunities which the country afforded for commercial speculation, that he determined to settle there as soon as he should be master of his own actions and fortune.

On his return to England, he communicated his intention to his father, who endeavoured to dissuade him from his purpose, but to no effect: for George had too firmly fixed his affections on America; and his brother Henry, from motives which George little suspected, took pains to encourage him to emigration, declaring at the same time that he himself felt a very strong inclination to emigrate thither: 'And,' added he, 'as soon as you are settled there, and able to make the necessary inquiries respecting the prospect of success in *my* profession, if it appear that there is an eligible opening for me, I shall speedily follow you: and we shall there live in happy independence, free from the heavy pressure of taxation, and the various restraints, under which we labor in this country.'

At the expiration of George's apprenticeship, his father—finding that it was vain to oppose his

son's inclinations by argument or advice, and being unwilling to recur to harsh measures for the purpose of forcing his will—at length complied with his wishes, and gave him a sum of eight thousand pounds, to commence business. This money the youth judiciously laid out in an assortment of goods which he knew to be the best calculated for the American market; and, having loaded them on board a ship for Philadelphia, the place of his intended residence, and taken an affectionate leave of his father and brother, he embarked in the same vessel, and bade adieu to England.

On his *début* in business at Philadelphia, he had the pleasure of finding that his judgement in the selection of the goods was attended with the desired success; and he continued for some time to enjoy equally good fortune in every subsequent commercial enterprise in which he engaged.—In his leisure moments, he made diligent and minute inquiries respecting the state of the legal profession in that city; and the result was so flattering, that he pressingly invited his brother to go over, and settle with him in Philadelphia.

But Henry had never entertained the slightest intention of quitting England: all that he had aimed at in praising America, and urging his brother to emigrate thither, was to remove him out of the way, for a selfish and dishonorable purpose. As soon, therefore, as George was gone, Henry affected to pay unusual attention to his father, often expressed his happiness in living so near him, and enjoying the society of a beloved and respected parent, and testified his surprise and regret that his brother George seemed to set so little value on *such* a parent, as to abandon him in his old age, and prefer the society of strangers in a foreign land.

By these and similar insinuations often and artfully repeated, he labored to alienate his father's affections from George: but he did not confine himself to insinuations alone: he also had recourse to other measures, more strongly stamped with the character of villany. As George's letters to his father came addressed to Henry's office at Bristol, the latter intercepted them; and when, on the arrival of a vessel from America, the father anxiously inquired whether any letter was come from George, Henry, with an expressive tone and look, accompanied with a significant shrug, would answer, 'Not a scrawl!' and then he would emphatically add, 'Ah! 'tis only the way of the world! out of sight, out of mind!' And, lest his brother should discover the interception of his letters, Henry took care likewise to intercept his father's letters to George, which were always intrusted to him to be forwarded.

With such persevering industry did Henry pursue this scheme of villany, that he at length completely succeeded in exasperating his father against his absent brother; and the consequence fully answered the interested expectations which he had originally formed from his nefarious plan. Although Mr. Freeport had ever intended to divide his property equally between his two sons, and had actually made a will to that effect, as they both well knew—yet, in his last illness, his angry sense of the supposed neglect of his 'undutiful son George,' as he

now termed him, induced him to cancel his former will, and to dictate a new one, in which he bequeathed to his 'dutiful and affectionate son Henry' the whole of his property, with the exception of only one shilling, allotted to George.

Although the property which George thus lost through his brother's diabolic villany and his father's groundless resentment, was no less than twelve thousand pounds, yet the loss would not have been very seriously felt by him, if he had continued to enjoy the same prosperous success in the latter stage of his commercial career, as he had experienced in the earlier part of it.

But Fortune is a fickle coquette, whose delusive smiles can never be safely trusted; and she afforded to poor George a striking and melancholy proof of her characteristic inconstancy. Encouraged by the advantageous result of a former speculation to China, he now ventured a very large sum in a valuable stock of goods on board one vessel, taking the precaution to insure her against the risks of the sea. But there were other risks, against which he was, unfortunately, not secured: for, behold! on her approaching to Canton, the vessel was captured by a numerous squadron of those barbarian pirates who infest the Chinese and Indian seas.

This disastrous event proved his total ruin. He was now incapable either of continuing in trade, or even satisfying his creditors: wherefore, after having, agreeably to the custom of America, delivered up to them his remaining property, and taken the necessary oath to exempt himself from imprisonment, he returned to England with his wife and family; for he had married in Philadelphia, and had already five children.

On his arrival at Bristol, he was coolly received by his brother, from whom he learned the particulars of his father's death and will, but who carefully concealed from him the motive which had dictated that unnatural will, as likewise the wicked manœuvres that had been practised to deprive him of the old gentleman's affections.

George and his family were now reduced to the utmost distress. In vain did he apply to his unfeeling brother for relief: the only comfort he received, was an intimation, that, with such talents and experimental knowledge of mercantile affairs as *he* possessed, he could fail to obtain a lucrative situation in some merchant's compting-house. Having no other resource, he engaged himself as clerk to the son of the merchant under whom he had served his apprenticeship; and with him he lived some years, receiving a tolerable salary, on which, with good economy, he contrived to maintain himself and his family in comfortable mediocrity.

During this time he learned, upon inquiry among his father's acquaintance and former servants, the motives which had induced the old gentleman to disinherit him. He was naturally surprised and grieved at the unfortunate miscarriage of his letters: but, incapable as he himself was of a mean, dishonest, or treacherous act, he harboured not even a shadow of suspicion against his brother, whom he did not accuse of any other fault, than a want

of brotherly affection in refusing to assist him.

At length, however, a clerk, who had lived several years with Henry, and had lately quitted him in consequence of ill treatment, conveyed to George the information, that, to *his* certain knowledge, letters from him to his father, by almost every ship that arrived, had been safely and punctually delivered at Henry's office, though he could not tell what afterwards became of them. The clerk also added, that his father had several times written to him; for, that he had seen him deliver the letters to Henry, to be forwarded.

George's eyes were now opened: he at once saw into his brother's villany; but he had no remedy. The discovery, however, preyed so severely on his spirits, as to throw him into a fit of illness, under which he languished until his small pecuniary resources were all exhausted, and his wife was even reduced to the necessity of selling a part of her scanty wardrobe, to supply the wants of her beloved husband and children.

At this crisis of his distress, he was visited by Mr. Weldon, a brother clerk in the compting-house, to whom he had communicated all the particulars of his history, and who generously, under the more delicate appellation of a loan, made him in fact a present of twenty guineas, which was all the cash that he could at that time spare. Reflecting, however, that this small temporary aid could be of little avail, Mr. Weldon, without giving George any intimation of his intention, determined to make personal application to Henry, and try, whether, by certain arguments which he had planned and digested in his own mind, he could not succeed in prevailing on him to do justice to his brother, or at least to afford him substantial assistance.

Accordingly he called upon Henry; and, having first essayed in vain to warm his cold bosom with brotherly affection and sympathy, he next threatened him with a public exposure of his infamous conduct, if he persevered in his refusal to succour a brother in distress. But Henry, with all the brazen effrontery of a hardened consummate villain, and all the consequential pertness of a pettifogger deeply versed in the mysterious quibbles and chicanery of law, threatened Mr. Weldon with an action for slander and defamation, if he dared to take any unlawful liberties with the reputation of his betters, or to cast any disparaging aspersions on *his* fair character; and he concluded his speech by peremptorily ordering him to *be gone!*

Feeling his resentment roused by this unparalleled mixture of impudence and insolence, Mr. Weldon — who had come predetermined to exert, if necessary, "*a vigor beyond the law*" — instantly drew out a pistol, and, leveling it at Henry's head, protested to him in an awful terrific tone, that he would that moment blow his brains out, unless he consented to do justice to his brother: — not, however, that he actually intended to shoot him in case of refusal; but he knew, from his own experience, as well as from reading and the observations of others, that those sneaking, cold-blooded knaves, who accomplish their sinister ends by trick, hypocrisy, fraud, chicane, and pettifoggery,

are, generally speaking, arrant cowards; and on that ground he had presumed that even the sight of a pistol would instantly bring Henry to reason.

Nor was Mr. Weldon mistaken in his presumption.—Unprepared for such a salutation, and alarmed at the dreadful idea of being suddenly hurried away to the judgement-seat of God with all his unattoned sins on his head, Henry at once became as humble as he had before been insolent. In the most abject terms of supplication, he implored that his life might be spared—solemnly promising that he would not only restore to his brother his due moiety of their father's property, but also pay him legal interest for it from the period of the old gentleman's death.

Not choosing to trust to the honor of such a scoundrel as Henry for the performance of a promise thus forcibly extorted from him by the fear of impending death, Mr. Weldon insisted on his instantly delivering to him, as a security, certain papers, described by his late clerk, which would have been sufficient evidence to hang him for some nefarious frauds that he had committed in the course of his legal (or rather illegal) practice as an attorney. On receiving these documents, Mr. Weldon positively declared, with a solemn oath, that, unless the promised restitution of his brother's right took place within eight and forty hours, he would, at the expiration of that period, publish those papers in the face of the universe. 'But,' added he, "instead of seeking to expose you to the eternal infamy which you have so well deserved, I will allow you an opportunity of acquiring the praise of disinterestedness and generosity. The restitution shall appear to be your own spontaneous act: even your brother, who is yet wholly ignorant of this my visit to you, shall never directly or indirectly hear one syllable of the transaction: but the whole shall be buried in eternal oblivion; and these papers shall be safely restored to your hands as soon as the business is concluded."

Mr. Weldon now took his leave: and, however anxious he might be to see the affair conducted to a happy termination, much more anxious was Henry to accelerate the performance of his promise. So cruelly was he agonised with breathless terror lest the contents of those papers should be divulged, that, as soon as he could sufficiently compose himself to appear abroad, he hasted to his brother's lodgings, and delivered up to him cash, notes, bills, and bonds, to the full amount of his moiety of their father's property, and also of the interest accrued on it during the course of so many years.

George, thus un-expectedly restored to the possession of his right, soon recovered his spirits and his health, and lived many years happy in the enjoyment of that fortune, for which (though without suspecting the circumstance) he was indebted to the daring friendship and lawless justice of his friend, Mr. Weldon.

PICTURE of HAMBURG, in 1805.

(*From Boisgelin's 'Travels in the North of Europe,' lately published.*)

The gates of Hamburg are shut as early as in a garrison town, being never open later than four o'clock in winter, and half past nine in the middle of summer: it

is therefore necessary to arrive in this city during the day. This practice is adopted to prevent the merchants from residing constantly in their country-houses. Altona being scarcely an English mile from Hamburgh, workmen, journeymen, &c. would pass the whole of Sunday at or in the neighbourhood of that town, every thing being cheaper in the Danish territories than in Hamburg; and consequently houses would let at a much lower rate, and be a great disadvantage to householders, a considerable part of whose riches consists in the exorbitant profits they make by letting apartments.

Hamburg is very dirty, and almost always damp. The streets are ill paved, narrow, and in many parts made still more inconvenient by the houses projecting forward. The latter are built both of brick and wood, and the generality have pointed roofs, forming a triangle in front. The walls are thick, the windows narrow, and so very numerous, with so small a space between them, that those belonging to the lower class might very well be mistaken for manufactories. This, indeed, is frequently the case in other parts of Germany.

The city is lighted by 1473 reflecting lamps, which are not sufficiently numerous for the size of the town. People of fortune, however, and rich merchants (the number of whom is very considerable) always place two additional ones at their doors. The inhabitants of Hamburg do not amount to more than one hundred and ten thousand, near twelve thousand of whom are Jews. We indeed heard, during our residence in that city, that it contained above one hundred and thirty thousand; but our informants either wished to deceive us, or were deceived themselves.*

The only public walk within the gates, is a kind of mall between rows of trees, on the edge of a large basin, formed by the river Alster, called *Binnen Alster.* This is much longer than it is represented to be by Mr. de Reisbeck, since it requires more than three quarters of an hour to make the tour, it being impossible to skirt it close to the water, there being no quay in several places, particularly on the side near the house of correction. Imagination cannot form a more beautiful spot than this small lake on a fine summer's evening, when it is covered with such numbers of boats, that it has all the appearance of a floating city.

(To be continued.)

LONDON FASHIONS.

1. MORNING dress of bombazeen. Short mantle of silver, trimmed with embroidered crape. Bonnet of crape.

2. Evening dress of rich silk, embroidered with crape and velvet on bugles. Long sleeves of crape. Tippet of fur. Head-dress, a square piece of crape, embroidered with bugles.

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* There was indeed a time, during the emigration from France, Holland, and the Low Countries, that there were eight or ten thousand foreigners in Hamburg. In the year 1795, Baron de Voght estimated the population of this city at 110,000; and no one had more opportunities of making a just calculation, Busching only made it amount to 100,000.

THE TOURNAMENT.

(From 'Scenes in Feudal Times,' a Novel lately published.)

THE day of the tournament dawned. It's earliest beams were welcomed by the minstrels with rude harmony. Mingled voices, and the tread of numerous feet, resounded through the spacious courts of Fitzbaynham castle. Amidst the preparation for this magnificent festival, every countenance displayed gladness; even the baron seemed to forget his long-cherished grief, and to partake the general joy.

Untaught by disappointment, and representing the future with an imagination free from those associations which at a more mature age too frequently embitter pleasure, Jacqueline had looked forward to this festival with the fallacious expectations of youth. Every object which she beheld, every sound that reached her, conveyed delight. Little did she suspect that on the events of this day, from which she anticipated with impatience a transitory gratification, depended her happiness and the honor of her house.

Jacqueline, the only daughter of the baron, had recently completed her eighteenth year. Lovely in person, and excelling in all the accomplishments becoming her rank and sex, she was the pride and ornament of the family. To merit their affection, and promote their happiness, had been the constant study of her life.

Beside Jacqueline, the baron possessed two sons arrived at manhood. Lord Richard, the eldest, resembled his father in his countenance; but his mind ill accorded with his exterior. Vain, imperious, the prey of every momentary passion, he had attained his twenty-fifth year in inglorious obscurity. His talent was crafty, his pleasures ungenerous and selfish; and he regarded his associates and competitors with the malignant jealousy of indolent and incapable ambition.

His brother, in every respect the reverse, though two years younger, had already, by his courage and military skill, rendered his name celebrated through the greater part of Europe. Nor was his fame confined to arms. His liberal magnanimity, his unassuming manners, but, above all, the command which in the midst of victory he maintained over himself, had softened admiration into affection.

He had lately received the honor of knighthood from the king; and, having closed his third campaign with increased glory, he had returned to pass with his parents the short interval before he departed for the Holy Land. To honor his return, the baron had proclaimed a tournament of three days; to which were invited, beside the nobles, many young knights, the companions in arms of his valiant son.

The baron, worthy of his high station, was beloved by his associates, and respected by his dependents. In early life his name had ranked with the most distinguished warriors of that martial age. But, disgusted with the scenes of cruelty and fraud to which the practice of war at that period more constantly led, he retired to his domain, and in the bosom of his family devoted himself to pursuits more congenial to his disposition. United to the

baroness by the most tender affection, he had looked forward to years of felicity, and, in the brilliant prospect, saw not the cloud which soon overshadowed his happiness. For a long period a deep melancholy had oppressed him, which even the anxious endeavours of his lady had not been able to dispel.

Fitzbaynham castle, the principal residence of the baron, and the appointed scene of the tournament, stood on the summit of a lofty hill, surrounded by a princely domain, which had descended to him in regular succession from one of the principal captains who had accompanied William the Conqueror. This fortress was strongly fortified by nature and art, and commanded prospects of rich variety. On the south, from the battlements raised on the edge of a stupendous cliff, was beheld a large expanse of ocean, whose waves, breaking with frightful violence over the numerous rocks which lined this part of the shore, formed an inaccessible barrier to every hostile attempt. The west presented a strong and pleasing contrast, changing at once from the sublime and bold to the soft and peaceful. Here the eye rested on meadows stretching to the utmost limits of the horizon, embellished with herds of cattle, with the scattered dwellings of the vassals, and at intervals a distant tower. An extensive forest surrounded the north and east sides of the castle, and was continued to the summits of the hills which bounded the prospect. In the midst of this dreary solitude, almost concealed by their green neighbours, appeared the white spires of a monastery.

In the interior of the castle, magnificence and good taste were at once displayed. The architecture was in the rich Gothic style; and the hall, of vast dimensions, was supported by a double row of pillars. From these depended standards and other military trophies of the valor of it's former lords—suits of armor, helmets surrounded by the arms of their valiant possessors, pikes, and many warlike weapons preserved in memory of great actions achieved by this illustrious family. The hall, seen imperfectly by the dim light admitted through the high small windows, it's extent lost in perspective, impressed the beholder with awe, and bespoke the grandeur and dignity of the baron.

Within the walls of the castle was inclosed a large space of ground, called the *manège*, dedicated to those warlike exercises in which each chieftain was desirous to excel. In this place the lists were now formed, and galleries erected for the accommodation of the ladies, who, spectators of these encounters, animated the combatants by their presence and applause. Over the seat destined for the baroness and her guests of the highest rank, the arms of the Fitzbaynham family were emblazoned. Here too waved a banner, the work of the baroness and her damsels, designed to commemorate the first action in which Sir Edmund had distinguished himself. It represented the scene of a battle, where a young knight appeared almost singly maintaining an important pass.

In the hall the baroness received her guests with feudal state; while Jacqueline, in an adjoining corridor, attached to the armor of her younger brother a scarf of azure silk, enriched with an em-

broidery wrought by her own hands. Pleased with this offering of her sisterly affection, Sir Edmund gaily rallied her on her absence from the company after the arrival of Earl Godemar.

'Is he come?' said she. 'I hoped his haughty temper would have exempted us from his presence.'

'Perhaps his gallantry to-day will change your sentiments.'

'Impossible: they can never change,' Jacqueline replied with a suppressed sigh; and, having arranged the scarf, she hastened to rejoin the baroness, who, accompanied by a noble train, proceeded to the scene of combat.

The trumpets sounded thrice: the heralds proclaimed the challenge, and invited any knight to come forward and encounter Sir Edmund Fitzbaynham. At the same time, Sir Edmund advanced within the lists, and threw down his gauntlet. Three cavaliers successively opposed him, and, after a gallant defence, were overthrown. Having thus opened the tournament, Sir Edmund withdrew.

The baroness, during these engagements, had been agitated by a variety of emotions—admiration of her son's superior skill, apprehension for his safety, pride on his success: but, whens he beheld the cross on his shoulder, that badge which doomed him to difficulties and danger, maternal fondness predominated; and she could scarcely refrain from tears.

On this day many encounters took place, and many heroic feats were displayed; but one knight chiefly excited the interest of the spectators by his superior dexterity, his elegant figure, and his modest use of victory. He would now have retired: but Earl Godemar, whom he had already defeated, burning with rage at his former disgrace, re-entered the lists, and in a haughty tone demanded whether he dared again to face him. The knight, thus rudely called on, answered only by putting himself in a posture of defence. The combat was long doubtful; but at length the earl, aiming a furious stroke at his adversary, and leaving himself unguarded, the knight seised this moment of victory; and the falling earl again displayed the prowess of his opponent.

A short silence marked the intent earnestness of the assembly; and, during this pause, the knight advanced to the baroness, and, laying at her feet the earl's sword, bowed, and immediately quitted the lists. The baroness, turning to Sir Edmund, who had some time stationed himself near her, inquired whether he knew this knight.

'He is my most intimate friend,' replied Sir Edmund. 'To his courage I am indebted for my life. He preserved it at the hazard of his own. He is one of the most gallant heroes our country boasts.'

'I must request you to introduce him to me. For so important a service, I am impatient to render him my thanks.'

As the baroness concluded this speech, the trumpets sounded. It was the signal that the jousts were ended for that day. She arose, and, followed by the company, returned to the hall, where a sumptuous banquet was prepared; while, in the outward courts, tables, well furnished, were spread for the refreshment of the vassals.

Surprised by the absence of

Earl Godemar, the baroness at length inquired for him; and was informed by Lord Richard that he had left the castle.

'Why did he not stay?'

'How could he, when so insulted?'

'You astonish me, my lord. Insulted by whom?'

'Was he not twice defeated by the young knight whom he condescended to oppose?'

'If that is all,' replied a cavalier, 'there are many here have equal cause of complaint.'

'Surely,' rejoined his lordship, 'the earl's rank entitled him to better treatment from a simple knight. His dignity ought to have exempted him from such disgrace.'

'Your friendship for the earl renders you, my son, too warm.'

'I know, madam, you are prejudiced against the earl, and perhaps enjoy his defeat; but your triumph will be short; his spirit cannot endure disgrace unrevenged!'

Willing to terminate a conversation which so publicly displayed the malignity of her son's disposition, the baroness left her seat; and, seeing Sir Edmund approaching, accompanied by the knight who had so much signalised himself in the morning, she advanced to meet them.

'Sir Almeric de St. Amand,' said Sir Edmund, presenting him to his mother, 'the preserver of my life!'

The baroness had begun a speech expressive of her thanks, when, raising her eyes to the countenance of the knight, who now appeared without his helmet, she started; her voice faltered; a livid paleness succeeded to the deepest crimson. Again she viewed him: again her color came and went, and she turned towards the baron with a look of anxious concern: but, heaving a profound sigh, she almost instantly recovered herself sufficiently to apologise to Sir Almeric, who, surprised and embarrassed, remained silent, looking around him for an explanation of so unexpected a reception.

While this was passing, the eyes of the baron were fixed on the knight. He gasped for breath; guilt, fear, and shame were visible on his countenance; the drops of anguish stood on his forehead, and, clasping his hands, as if in despair, he rushed from the hall.

So singular an occurrence excited the attention of the company; nor was their curiosity lessened, when Lord Richard, who had been attentively observing the baron, exclaimed, 'Then he is guilty!' No one's astonishment was greater than that of Sir Edmund. To him his parents' emotion, and his brother's words, were utterly unintelligible. Lost in thought, he remained leaning against a pillar, without being able to form any conjecture of the cause; till in a few minutes he received a summons from the baron.

The baroness perceiving the observation which this scene had attracted, endeavoured to dissipate it's impression. Assuming, therefore, the appearance of her former gaiety, she addressed Sir Almeric, and with a smile told him, that, since he had done her the honor to become her knight by placing before her the trophies of his valor, she would employ the authority with which he had thus invested her, and impose a service on him—that of opening the ball. At the same time taking the hand

of Jacqueline, she presented her to Sir Almeric as his partner.

The dancing began, and was continued to a late hour; but the voice of mirth had ceased, and all attempts to recall it were vain. Each tried to display a tranquillity which none really felt.

[*To be continued.*]

A DEFENCE OF WOMEN.

Written A. D. 1726.

Translated from the Spanish of Geronymo Feijoo;

BY ELENIR IRWIN.

(*Continued from page 514.*)

CHAP. V.

I FLATTER myself I have now indicated such advantages on the side of women, as will equal, if they do not surpass, the qualities in which men are pre-eminent. Who then shall pronounce the sentence in this cause? If I were to arrogate the authority necessary for the purpose, I should temporise, by saying, that the qualifications in which women excel, tend to make them more estimable in themselves; those which distinguish men, conduce more to their utility for the public service: but, as I have assumed the office of an advocate, not of a judge, I must leave the question for the present undecided.

And, even if I were to take the authority, I should be obliged to suspend my award, because it would be pleaded, in favor of men, that most of the excellencies which I attribute to women are common to both sexes. This I confess: but, by the same rule, the excellencies of men cannot be denied to women. In order, therefore, not to confuse the question, it becomes necessary to point out, on the side of each sex, those perfections which are much the most frequently found in it's individuals, and the most rarely in those of the other sex. I acknowledge that there have been men who were docile, ingenuous, and modest; and that blushing, which is an evidence of female purity, is still more amiable in youth of the other sex, as it denotes not only a gentle disposition, but a mind of acute sensibility. John Barclay asserts this more than once in his *Satyricon*; and the testimony of such a man must be received with deference. I have myself so frequently observed the truth of this remark, that I never expect much good from a boy, when I see audacity depicted on his forehead. But although, in various individuals of our sex, we may see from time to time the good qualities which ennoble the other, this can by no means incline the balance in our favor; because there is an equal weight on the other side, in the perfections upon which men value themselves, and which are possessed by many women.

CHAP. VI.

Examples of consummate political prudence occur in the history of many illustrious princesses. No age can forget the first woman in whose reign history began to clear away the obscurities of fable. I mean Semiramis, queen of Assyria, who, though she was educated in the softness of the

dove, soared, by the strength of her own mind, to the heights of the eagle. She not only compelled a blind obedience from the subjects who had dethroned her husband, but she brought into her vassalage all the neighbouring nations, and extended her empire from Æthiopia on one side, to India on the other. Nor can we fail to record the name of Artemisia, queen of Caria; who not only preserved, during her long widowhood, the veneration of that kingdom, but, being attacked in it by the Rhodians, she defeated the invading armies by two extraordinary stratagems; and, passing quickly from the defensive to the offensive, she conquered and triumphed over the island of Rhodes. Nor shall we forget the two Aspasias, to whose admirable direction was confided, with signal success, the government of their countries; by Pericles, husband of the one, and Cyrus, son of Darius Nothus, the lover of the other;—nor the sagacious Phile, daughter of Antipater, whom her father consulted, even in her childhood, respecting the government of Macedonia, and who afterwards preserved from many perils her husband, the precipitate and inconsequent Demetrius;—nor the intriguing Livia, whose subtlety was superior even to the penetration of Augustus, as, if he had known her, he could not have allowed her to obtain the influence over his mind which she possessed;—nor the artful Agrippina, whose machinations, fatally for herself and for the world, effected the elevation of her son Nero to the imperial throne;—nor the learned Amasunta, who was less honored for knowing the language of every nation subject to the Roman empire, than for the wisdom with which she governed the state during the minority of her son Athalaric.

I omit many other examples, in order to approach nearer to our own times; and, at this period, who can forget Elizabeth of England? a woman, at whose birth the Graces and the Furies all assisted; whose conduct as a sovereign must ever command the admiration of Europe, though her vices were so interwoven with her virtues, that memory cannot separate them; and she shines in guilty glory — the laurels which encircle her brow being stained with the blood of her kinswoman.

In crooked policy how wonderful was Catharine de' Medici, who maintained the equilibrium between the two contending parties of Catholics and Huguenots, and prevented the downfall of the crown of France, with the calculating dexterity of a rope-dancer, who, by poising the weights and accommodating himself to their oscillations, avoids the danger, while he encounters the risk.

Nor would our catholic Isabella of Spain have been inferior to any female sovereign, if her regency had not sullied the glory of her reign.

From these examples, we may see that there have not been wanting occasions, on which women have displayed consummate prudence. Lawrence Beyerlink observed that, in his times, nothing great was effected, of which they were not in part or entirely, the authors. '*Quid magni in regno sine illâ, imo nisi per illam fere, gestum est?*' At any rate, the discovery of the New World, which was the most memorable conquest of Spain during many ages, would not have been prosecuted, if the magnani-

mity of Isabella had not overcome the fears and the indolence of Ferdinand.

In short, it appears, that, among the queens who have possessed absolute power, the greater number are celebrated in history as excellent sovereigns and acute politicians; though, to the misfortune of their sex, these illustrious examples will ever be opposed by the names of Brunehaut and Fredegonda, with the two Joannas of Naples, and a few others. In the two first, however, although wickedness prevailed, wisdom was not wanting.

Nor is the opinion that a crown sits too heavily on a female brow, as universal as may be supposed; since in Meroë, an island or a peninsula formed by the Nile, in Æthiopia, women, according to Pliny, governed for many centuries. Father Cornelius a Lapide, treating of the queen of Sheba, who came from thence, thinks that her empire extended much beyond the boundaries of Meroë, and perhaps comprehended all Æthiopia; since our Saviour called her 'The Queen of the South,' which title seems to denote a vast dominion in that quarter; and we read in Thomas Cornelius, that the island of Meroë is larger than Great-Britain; so that the territory of those queens was not contemptible, even if it did not exceed the limits of Meroë.

Aristotle says (*lib.* 2 *Polit. cap.* 7.) that, among the Lacedæmonians, women took an active part in the government, and this in conformity to the laws which were instituted by Lycurgus.

In the same manner, in Borneo, a large island of the Indian ocean, women reign, as Mandeslo relates, in the second volume of his 'Oleario;' while their husbands enjoy no other privilege than that of being the most distinguished of their vassals. In the island of Formosa, situated in the sea of China, the prudence of women is held in such esteem, that the idolatrous inhabitants confide the priesthood to them alone; as well as whatever else appertains to religious matters; and in politics they have an authority superior to that of the senators, being considered as interpreters of the will of their gods.

Notwithstanding all this, the common practice of nations is most agreeable to reason, and most conformable to the decree which God himself pronounced to our first mother in Paradise, and to her daughters in her name, when he declared, 'That her desire should be to her husband, and he should *rule* over her.' (Genesis iii. 16). But I have said enough to show the futility of that impatience which often arises in a country against female government, when the laws exact submission to it; and I have demonstrated how witless is such an exclusive preference of our own sex, as would court the dominion of a silly boy, while it rejected that of an accomplished woman.

CHAP. VII.

I have proceeded thus far in citing female examples of political prudence, naming but a few, and passing over many equally eminent. It is needless to adduce instances of domestice prudence in women, as we see it exemplified daily in houses of which they superintend the œconomy; while confusion and irregularity prevail in those which are directed by

men. I shall now consider the claims of women to *Courage*, a quality which is considered as inseparable from our own sex, and which I acknowlege that Heaven has bestowed upon us in a far more ample degree; but deny to have been exclusively awarded to men, as an un-alienable inheritance, exempt from all participation with the other sex.

No century has elapsed undistinguished by female courage. I will not instance the heroines of the Old Testament, nor the virgin martyrs of the law of grace, because, as they received peculiar support from heaven, their fortitude may be ascribed to the divine power, rather than to their sexes courage. But there have been so many women of heroic valor and of all-subduing arm, that they present themselves in crowds on the theatre of memory; and besides the Semiramis's, the Artemisia's, the Thamyris's and Zenobia's, there appears an Aretaphila, the consort of Nicocrates, sovereign of Cyrene, in Libya; in whose incomparable character were united the tenderest love of her country, with the greatest valor, and the most brilliant oratorial powers. First, to deliver her country from the tyranny of Nicocrates, and to avenge her first husband, who was murdered by him, she excited and conducted a conspiracy, by which he was deprived of his crown and life; and afterwards, when Leander, his son and successor, governed with similar cruelty, she had courage and art enough to deliver the world from this second tyrant, crowning her illustrious deeds by a refusal of the crown, which the gratitude of the Cyrenians pressed on her acceptance.

We see Dripetina, the daughter of the great Mithridates, becoming the constant companion of her father in all his arduous enterprises, and invariably displaying the physical and mental strength which had been augured in her infancy from the singularity of her being born with two rows of teeth. After the defeat of her father by Pompey, being besieged by Manlius Priscus in a castle which was incapable of resistance, she destroyed herself, to avoid the ignominy of subjection. And this and other instances, which I may adduce, of women who terminated their own lives, though they are not proofs of virtue, at least exhibit an excess of courage, which is the quality I am now endeavouring to demonstrate in their sex.

We see the Roman Clœlia, when she was made captive by Porsenna, king of Etruria,* vanquishing a thousand difficulties to deliver herself from prison, and, after passing the waves of the Tiber on horseback, or, as some say, with no other assistance than that of her own arms, arriving safely and triumphantly in Rome.

When Cæcina Pætus was involved in the conspiracy of Camillus against the emperor Claudius, and condemned to lose his life, his wife, the noble-minded Arria, resolved not to survive him; and, after having in vain attempted to fracture her head against a pillar, she visited the prison of Pætus; and, exhorting him to anticipate with his own hand the office of the executioner, she plunged a

* Clœlia, and several other young ladies, were delivered to him by the Romans, as hostages during a pending negotiation for peace.

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poignard in her breast, and expir- before him.

Epponina, whose husband, Julius Sabinus, usurped in Gaul the title of Cæsar, was, on that account, exposed to incredible trials, which she endured with patient firmness; and, being ultimately condemned to die by Vespasian, she told him boldly, that she should welcome the stroke which delivered her from the pain of seeing so bad an emperor tolerated on the throne.

And that the latter centuries may not appear inferior in heroines to those of antiquity, the Maid of Orléans arises in her armour, supporting the sorrows of the realm of France, insomuch that the English and French, who oppose each other in opinions as well as in arms, attributed her prowess, on the one side to divine inspiration, and on the other to a contract with the devil. The English pretended the latter out of malice; and the French asserted the former out of policy, as it was of importance to re-animate the minds of the soldiers and people in the general dismay which prevailed, by persuading them that Heaven had interposed in their favor: and they introduced, for that purpose, on the theatre of war, a girl of courage and desperation, as a fit instrument of miraculous assistance. This heroine is replaced in our recollection by Margaret of Denmark, who, in the 14th century, herself conquered the kingdom of Sweden, taking King Albert prisoner, and acquiring from the historians of those times the title of the second Semiramis.

Then comes Marulla, a native of Lemnos, an island in the Archipelago, who, in the siege of Cochin by the Turks, seeing her father fall, seised his sword and buckler, and, calling on the garrison to follow her, put herself at their head, and assaulted the enemy with such vigor, that she not only forced them to retreat, but obliged Bashaw Soliman to raise the siege. The governor, general Loredano of Venice, rewarded this exploit by offering her the choice of a husband from among the most illustrious officers of his army, and promising her an adequate dowry in the name of the republic.

Her image is succeeded by that of Bianca de' Rossi, wife of Baptista Porta, a Paduan officer. Bianca, after having valiantly defended the town of Bassano from the walls — when the place was taken by treachery, and her husband killed by the tyrant Ezelino — finding no other resource from his violence, threw herself from a window. She was saved against her wishes, and compelled to endure further insults from the barbarian: but she assuaged her own anguish, and satisfied her conjugal fidelity, by opening the tomb of her husband, and destroying herself in his sepulcre.

Then we see the intrepid, though humble Bonna, a peasant of the Valtelline, who was seduced by Pedro Brunoro, a celebrated warrior of Parma. She not only shared his guilt, but his glory; since, after she became his wife, she fought valiantly as a private soldier in every skirmish which occurred, and acquired so great a degree of military science, that several enterprises were intrusted to her command, and particularly that of conquering the castle of Pavono from the Venetians, for Francisco Sforza, duke of Milan. During this exploit, she dischar-

ged the duty of a general, and placed herself in the foremost ranks in every assault.

After Bonna, comes Maria Pita, the heroine of Gallicia, who, during the seige of Corunna by the English in 1589, when the enemy were in the breach, and the garrison resolved to capitulate, expostulated against their cowardice, with ardent though vulgar eloquence; and, snatching a sword and shield from the hands of a soldier, she exclaimed that all who wished for glory must follow her, and, inflamed with courage, she rushed headlong into the breach. A portion of her martial fire communicated itself to the soldiers and spectators: they all fell impetuously on the besiegers, killed one thousand five hundred of them (among others, a son of general Henry Norris), and finally obliged them to raise the siege. Philip II. recompensed Maria by giving her, during his life, the rank and emoluments of his standard-bearer; and Philip III. continued the appointment to her descendents.

Maria de Estrada, wife of Pedro Sanchez Farsan, a soldier of Fernando Cortez, desirous to be particularly remembered for the numerous and wonderful actions which are related of her by Fray Juan de Torquemada, in his first volume on the Monarchy of India. —Speaking of the lamentable sally which Cortez made from Mexico after the massacre of Montezuma, he has the following passage. 'Maria de Estrada displayed herself most valorously in this perilous conflict; and, with a sword in one hand and a buckler in the other, she did marvelous acts—rushing among the foe with as much courage and spirit as if she were one of the most valiant men in the world—forgetting that she was a woman, and evincing the bravery which, on such occasions, is found only to belong to the most honorable and excellent men. And such were the wonders and acts which she did, that they took away the breath of those who looked at her.' In the subsequent chapter, when he describes the battle which took place between the Spaniards and the Mexicans in the valley of Otumpa, he again commemorates this illustrious woman in the words which follow: —'During this battle, Diego Munoz Camargo says, in his memorial of Tlascala, that Maria de Estrada, on horseback, with a lance in her hand, fought so manfully that she equaled the most valiant men in the army, and surpassed many of them.' We are not told the birth-place of this heroine; but her name persuades me that she was an Asturian.

Then, for the honor of Flanders, comes Anna de Baux, native of a village near Lisle, who, for the sole purpose of avoiding the outrages of the soldiery during the wars of the last century *, concealed her sex under the attire of ours, and, attaching herself to the profession of arms, served in many battles with such valor, that she was promoted to the command of a company; after which, being made prisoner by the French, and her sex being discovered, she was offered a company in the French service, by Marshal Santerre. She declined this proposal, from loyalty to her own sovereign; and, returning into Flanders, she retired into a convent, and took the veil.

* i. e. the 16th.

If I have not yet mentioned the Amazons, it was because I intended to speak of them separately. Some authors deny their existence; but many more affirm it. It may justly be conceded that much fabulous matter has mingled with their history; such as the tradition that they destroyed all their male children, that they lived entirely apart from the other sex, only admitting them to an interview once a year. Of the same questionable nature is their encounter with Hercules and Theseus, the assistance given by the ferocious Penthesilea to the Trojans, and perhaps the visit of their queen Thalestris to Alexander. But we must have great temerity to deny, against the evidence of so many ancient writers, that there existed a formidable body of warlike women in Asia, to whom the name of Amazons was given. And, if this be still disbelieved, instead of the Amazons whom we give up in Asia, their prototypes appear in the three other divisions of the world — in America, in Africa, and in Europe. They were discovered in America by the Spaniards, who found them in arms, along the borders of the Maranon, the greatest river in the world, and which still preserves the name it then received, of 'River of the Amazons.'

In Africa they exist in a province of the empire of Monomotapa, and are said to be the best warriors whom the prince of that country possesses. Some geographers even make a distinct dominion of the lands inhabited by these women.

In Europe, though there be no country in which the art of war is professionally studied by women, we may give the name of Amazons to those female squadrons who, at different periods, have triumphed over the enemies of their country. Such were the Frenchwomen of Beauvais, who, when that city was besieged by the Burgundians in the year 1472, assembled themselves under the guidance of Jeanne Hachette, and, on the day of the attack, gave a vigorous repulse to the enemy; Jeanne Hachette herself precipitating their captain from the wall, at the moment when he raised his standard over her. In commemoration of this exploit, there is, to this day, an annual festival at Beauvais, during which the women have the singular privilege of walking in procession, followed by the men. Such also were the inhabitants of the Echinades islands, now called Curzolari, and become famous for the victory of Lepanto, gained in the sea which surrounds those islands. The Turks, having attacked the principal of these islands in the year preceding this celebrated battle, excited such terror in the Venetian governor, Antonio Balbo, and in all those who should have defended it, that they escaped in the night, leaving the women behind; and these heroines, at the instigation of a priest named Antonio Rosoneo, resolved to defend the place; which they effectually performed, to the honor of their own sex, and the eternal disgrace of ours.

(To be continued.)

To the Editor *of the* Lady's Magazine.

Sir,

AT the present season of the year, it may not be amiss to give

some useful hints to your fair readers, on the subject of *night-lights* — a subject, which cannot be wholly un-interesting to any of them, who either have sickly children, or aged infirm parents living under the same roof with them. Indeed every housekeeper or lodger, old or young, sick or healthy, ought to be constantly provided with the ready means of enjoying, in case of unforeseen emergency, the benefit of a night-light with comfort and safety.

To the use of rush-lights, or common candles, whether of tallow or wax, there are several serious objections, of which it will here be sufficient to notice two — 1st. that they are almost always attended with danger *; and, 2dly, that they often fail us, at the very moment perhaps of the greatest need.

From these and other objections the *lamp-lantern* is wholly exempt. Though placed within a hand's breadth of the bed-curtains, the lamp will not set them on fire: — if overturned, it will only be extinguished, without doing any mischief: — if there be question of hastily running up or down stairs, or out of doors in quest of medical aid, or in pursuit of a robber, it is ready at hand without a moment's delay, and will not be blown out by the wind: — a robber cannot extinguish it, as he could a candle, by throwing at it a hat or a handkerchief: — it requires no watching or attendance but, *if properly trimmed* in the first instance, will burn equally bright during ten or a dozen hours, as at the moment when first lighted.

I have said, '*if properly trimmed*:' for this is a most important point, without a due attention to which, the lamp will prove both troublesome and useless. — I here speak from my own experience, having, for some years, been deprived of the benefit of one which I had in my possession — and this merely through my own ignorance of the proper mode of managing it.

To unite the comforts of a safe, certain, and steady light, with œconomy in the consumption of oil, let the wick (first cut off with sharp scissors close to the burner, and smooth) be raised with a pin or needle *one eighth of an inch* in a small lamp, or a *very little* higher in a larger one. If thus trimmed, it will burn bright as long as there remains a single drop of oil to feed the flame; and it will emit *no smoke;* so that, after having been used every night for years, the head of the lantern will be as clear withinside, and nearly as bright, as when first purchased; whereas, if the wick be lengthened even a very little beyond that height, it will, in a single night, coat the inside with soot, which will sometimes fall in a great solid lump, and extinguish the light long before morning, as I have discovered by the remaining quantity of unconsumed oil.

But, as it is very difficult to light so short a wick with either a candle or a brimstone match, it will be proper to use spirit of wine, or oil of turpentine, for the purpose of lighting it; and a single half-gill of the latter is suf-

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* Exclusive of other kinds of danger, rats have been seen in the very act of dragging away lighted candles, which they had stolen from the candle-stick: and the writer of these remarks recollects an instance of a house, well known to have been thus set on fire by one of those mischievous creatures.

ficient for a twelvemonth, though used every night. The turpentine must not be applied to the wick till the moment when you are going to light it: otherwise it will become mixed with the other oil of the lamp, and prove either wholly or very nearly useless for the intended purpose. To do the business with certainty and ease, dip a small bit of wood (a match or a skewer) into the oil of turpentine, and, after letting fall from it one good drop on the wick, apply the wood to the blaze of a candle, and immediately carry it back to the wick, which will instantly catch fire; and, in about a minute, the lamp may be put into the lantern, when the smoke from the oil of turpentine is evaporated, which would otherwise create soot within.—Those, however, who do not choose to employ spirit of wine or oil of turpentine, may dispense with them, and thus manage otherwise. First raise the wick to double the necessary height: it will then be more easily lighted with a candle or a match; and, when once properly lighted, it may, with a pin or needle, be lowered back to the proper height.

The cotton should not be too tight in the burner: the most convenient thickness for the wick is such, that it can be raised with ease, and will just support itself in the burner, at the same height to which you have raised it.

The same wick should not be too long used, as it soon becomes gummy, and ceases to act with due effect as a conductor for the oil. Fresh cotton should be supplied once a week.

Thus managed, one of the small lamp-lanterns, which are sold for about half a crown or three shillings, would (with about five farthings or three halfpence worth of the best spermaceti oil, which alone is proper for these lamps) give comfortable light for nine or ten hours, if the lamp were only about a quarter or three eighths of an inch deeper, to contain a little more oil: and it is a great pity that the manufacturers of those lamps do not make them somewhat more capacious; which might be done with very little or perhaps not any additional expense, and which, I doubt not, would materially benefit themselves in the end, as, for one which they now sell, they might then probably sell a dozen. But, at all events, any tinman can deepen the lamp for a few pence; so that a small cheap lamp-lantern will thus prove equally serviceable, in respect of the duration of it's light, as a larger and more expensive one.

I conclude. Sir, yours, &c.

HENRY.

October 29.

THE MASQUERADE.

[*An Extract from the Novel intitled, —The Forest of Montalbano, lately published.*]

[Concluded from p. 503.]

THE agitation of Angelina had been painful in the extreme from the moment she was seated at that table, for the serious purpose of clearing her spotless fame from obloquy, by unmasking there. To do this with effect had been a great exertion for her delicate reserve; and other events of the evening not aiding the exhila-

ration of her spirits or her courage to bear unshrinkingly the universal ardent gaze of general curiosity or admiration: but from the moment when her fears for the safety of her well-proved friend, the beauteous sylph, endangered by the vindictive pursuit of Vasco, were awakened, the sensations of her panting bosom became agonised, and feeling a fast-increasing languor pervading her frame and senses, she entreated Father Patrick to lead her into the air; but the ardent-hearted priest, with every pulse that throbbed with vital circulation now swelling with horror and indignation at the nefarious plot laid to blight the pure fame of innocence, was so absorpt by his feelings, as with distended eyes he listened for all that should transpire relative to this vile project, that he heard not the gentle murmur of voice in which she had power to convey her request; so that, without aid to quit the overpowering scene, she was compelled to remain and hear all Signora Rosa's disclosures; when finding to what extent the fair character of her reputation had been menaced, her agitated heart, thrilling with horrid fear of some part of the intended calumny still adhering to sully it, overcharged with emotion, ceased to perform it's functions; and she fell back fainting into the arms of a mask, who had but a moment before forced his passage to the spot behind her seat.

This mask, advantageously attired as a Polish hussar, swiftly as the animated zeal of tender interest could expand it's ready wings, bore the unconscious Angelina through the intervening crowd into an open colonnade, where, breathing in the free circulation of refreshing air, the little more than momentary suspension of her faculties terminated; when, awakening to perception, she felt her form encircled by the tremulous grasp of convulsive agitation, and a well-known voice softly, but emphatically, articulating sentences of the most tenderly-impassioned solicitude for her recovery.

These sentences soon recalled the hue of returning animation with livelier brilliancy to the before but faintly tinted cheeks of Angelina; and, as her beauteous eyes unclosed, the ardent and affecting gaze of fond anxiety from the as beautiful ones of Conte Fredrico di Alviano met her view.

Fredrico had habited himself in this Polish costumè beneath his pilgrim's weed, more securely to aid in obtaining an undiscovered conference with Lady Angelina, should he fail in the concealment of his identity by his first disguise; which he thought not improbable, from the numerous spies he well knew his enemies had stationed around him in every course he took—in every spot he moved to; and when, at the approach of the duchessa and her train, he fled from Angelina, he felt just cause for congratulation upon his prudent forecast, which still provided him with a chance of fulfilling the anxious mission which had drawn him to that scene of revelry, without endangering the fair fame of the interesting object of his pursuit by the noxious breath which had blighted his.

But the difficulty of finding a spot about the no longer private grounds, for securely throwing

off his external disguise, occasioned an unavoidable lapse of time; but when at length he did effect his purpose, and did return as a hussar to the illumined scenes of the gay revel, as chance was his only guide in pursuit of Angelina, he constantly took the course in which, by following her, he failed to meet her; when at length, believing that only at the banquet was he secure of finding her, he mingled with the crowd assembling for admission to the supper-rooms; and at the duchessa's table, as he had conjectured, he found his expectations realised. But the moment for accosting her required caution; and, placing himself advantageously to seek the golden opportunity he panted to obtain, he heard and saw the whole of the vile plot against the innocent Angelina detected:—and, with sensations almost too mighty for his heart to bear, he witnessed the scene; since he, who, armed in her cause by that which feared not death in her behalf, dared not appear her champion to redress her; for his fame was blighted, and breathed that contamination he would shield her from. In his place of observation he beheld, too, the Contes Lorenzago and Hilario attracted by the fast-increasing violence of the duchessa's fit from the side of Angelina. This was a golden opportunity indeed: on the expanded wings of ardent haste he flew to avail himself of it, and arrived in the moment of her indisposition, to assist her.

The instant Angelina unclosed her eyes, and by the quick mantling of her blushes announced her return to perception, the fervor of Fredrico's grasp faded to the mere support of humanity and kindness, and the ardent solicitude of his gaze decreased to the mild interest of an anxious friend; and now, hearing the fast-approaching foot-steps of Father Patrick, he hastily resumed his mask, which he had taken off to act as a fan, in aiding the recovery of his lovely charge.

The potent spell of curiosity propelling the greater part of the assembly to witness the result of the duchessa's audible indisposition, impeded the few whom kindness or powerful admiration would have rapidly led to the assistance of Lady Angelina, who had been borne from their instant assiduities with the speed of lightening by Fredrico. Among the number hastening after Angelina, was Father Patrick, whose eager solicitude for her arousing his anger at such opposition to his efforts of pursuit, regardless of all rules of urbanity, he buffeted his way through the impeding current, and soon got foremost of the comparatively following few.

'Och! jewel of the world!' he vehemently exclaimed, as he advanced near enough to Angelina to be heard, 'speak to me—speak to me, darling; and say, is it dead or alive you are?—and who stole you from me, when myself was looking after your fame?'

'Not quite dead, my good *padre*, or I certainly should find some little impediment to my power of answering you,' said Angelina, endeavouring to smile playfully, to conceal the agitation the tender exclamations of Fredrico had overwhelmed her with.

'Och! by the crook of Saint Patrick! but all the cockles of my heart will be beating joy's

tattoo this hour, for hearing the sound of your own sweet voice again, alive and merry. By dad! from what myself heard, I was afraid it was gone to heaven you were, jewel, away from the d—l's spawn in this castle, to assort with your own kind above.'

'Thanks to this ever-pitying friend of mine,' Angelina replied, 'my recovery has been as rapid as my illness was sudden; and, to occasion no further trouble to those kind beings interested for me, I would retire to my own apartments—only, that it was intimated to me that you, my friend,' and particularly she now addressed the Conte di Alviano, 'have something of importance to inform me of.'

'Assuredly I have: but, before this evidently zealous friend of yours, may I, Lady Angelina, venture to make my communications?' replied Fredrico, breaking silence for the first time since the priest had joined them.

'Och! oh! myself smells a rat!' exclaimed the kind-hearted Patrick, recognising the voice of the pilgrim in this finely-formed hussar, and taking down one of the lamps of the illuminated colonnade: 'if yourselves want a little cabal over your secrets—as I am sure there can be no harm in life in them, or this lamb without blemish would n't be for stopping to hear them—let us be taking refuge in yonder beyond room there, which is not in the right suit for the revelers, being as dark as a dungeon—or Vasco's soul, for that matter—and is filled with the refuse of the decoration plants; and if you will be staying here a morsel longer, you will find this Interruption-hall; for I left a tribe of Jews, Turks, and tinkers, at my heels: but, good luck to my speed, they are a mile behind, in close pursuit of you, *avurneen!* So, will I light you in, my honeys?....Och! hullabaloo! and warhoops! sorrow choice is left you, for the first trumpet of Folly sounds our retreat; here they come, one after another, in a body, to offer assistance.'

Those who wished to yield their services to Lady Angelina, and who had been so long detained from her by the intervening crowd, and by not taking, in their first essay, the right direction in pursuit of her, now were heard by her rapidly approaching; she had therefore no alternative but to adopt Father Patrick's proposition, or not hear at all the important intelligence from Fredrico; to hesitate, would be to destroy resource: so now, as swiftly as her still languid frame, scarcely recovered from her recent indisposition, would admit of, she was tenderly supported by Fredrico to Father Patrick's haven, to which the good priest hastily preceded them; and when they had all entered, he carefully fastened the door, saying—

'Sorrow man or mortal, I'll engage, shall interrupt your little chat now. Och! then, on my safe conscience, we have humbugged ye all, my tardies, by our *cute* vanishing from your sight, before ever you got a glimpse of us! Och! och! if this be masquerading!—Well, 't is the first my four bones ever appeared at, and the last too for that matter, unless, jewel, you should be wanting my protection to one, and then to be sure myself will conduct you, with all the pleasure in life, into Satan's territo-

ries again, to witness the exploits of one imp, called master Vasco; —and may be his sister is n't a limb of darkness to.....Och! then, if it is n't she that is one, tolerating such diabolical cruelty against such a spotless child of innocence, why then the heart of a Christian need no longer bleed for the barbarity of her plot of this evening!'.....and now, withdrawing to the furthest end of this temporary repository for green-house plants, he added—

''Tis only decorum for Lady Angelina's sake that will make me keep bothering you with my presence; but be whipering your secrets mighty low, my honeys; for myself has a bit of a queer way sometimes to be acting the part of that babbler, Echo, and repeating what I hear, without intending harm, at all at all, to man or mortal!—but I wo'n't hear you, if myself can help it.'

Gracefully Angelina now, in the low tones of caution recommended by Father Patrick, articulated the thanks of her glowing gratitude to Conte di Alviano, for his friendship and kindness, relative to his application in her behalf to the Cardinal Gulielmo; and as gracefully Fredrico assured her 'that it was happiness to him to be of use to her;' and rapidly from this burst of truth-inspired gallantry—for the power of serving her was indeed happiness to him—he hastened to inform her,

'That, upon learning the heart-riving intelligence of her and the Duca di Montalbano's unwarrantable imprisonment, he had flown to Father Marsilio, to consult upon what method they could pursue to yield assistance; when, well remembering her having mentioned the Cardinal Gulielmo, when she was at Rossamo castle, as a friend whose protection she looked to for security from every foe, they had agreed that the most efficacious means of rescuing her from danger and persecution would prove that of laying before his eminence the helplessness and cruelties of her situation, since, through his invincible power, they doubted not of her obtaining every efficient redress; when Father Marsilio, embracing an opportunity of evincing his gratitude to her who had rescued him from the sanguinary dagger of the assassin, and not being by fatal circumstances chained to the vicinity of Rossamo castle, had readily undertaken to be her ambassador to the cardinal, and had therefore expeditiously set out for Rome, where he had the mortification of finding his eminence was just gone, at the express desire of the pope, to Madrid, to receive the parting benediction of the pontiff's only brother, an abbot of a rich convent there, whose last sand the attending physicians pronounced to be nearly run. The reverend Father Marsilio would have promptly followed to Madrid, had not the cardinal been gone upon such a sacred business, and his return to Rome expected as rapidly as possibility would admit, after the *abate's* translation to eternity.

'At Rome, therefore, Father Marsilio was still awaiting the cardinal's return; for although the more merciful nature of Conte Lorenzago had emancipated the illustrious prisoners from their unjustifiable captivity, yet he (Fredrico) still thought it highly necessary to inform his

eminence that such an act of daring outrage had been perpetrated.'

After these ebullitions of gratitude for such kind services, which her feeling heart, in defiance of the unwillingness Conte di Alviano manifested to hear them, would give utterance to, Angelina conversed for some time with this ardent and interesting friend, upon many things relative to her situation in the castle; and, after much mutual animadversion, started and prolonged by their reciprocal wish of lengthening their interview, it was determined, that Angelina should write to his eminence upon the subject of the perils which encompassed her through the enmity of the Tolmezo race, and that her letter, conveyed by Father Jeronimo to Conte Fredrico, should be forwarded by express to Father Marsilio to deliver for her.

As Conte di Alviano and Lady Angelina dared only talk upon what could be denominated business, had they not proved indefatigably ingenious in devising questions and replies to spin out their discussion of these topics, they would soon have had no pretence afforded them to extend their converse; but, at length, a loud serenading from Father Patrick's nasal organ announced to them the propriety of terminating their interview.

The apprehensive Angelina, starting from her seat, and blushing in alarm, 'hoped the moments which *gratitude* to her preserver had gifted with wings, had not, in their delusive measure, beguiled her into a trespass against the ever-to-be-remembered dictates of propriety.

'Oh! I trust not,' exclaimed Conte di Alviano, rising too in alarm; 'for worlds I would not cause the breath of censure to rest on you—for worlds I would not prove the means of sullying the celestial robe of spotless Innocence; and the sensitive heart of anxious friendship ought to have been tremblingly alive to effecting your security from the possible censure of even your own accusing susceptibility.'

'But I trust mine are only the sensitive fears of groundless apprehension,' replied Angelina, smiling in sweetest kindness, anxious to lull in his bosom every pang of self-reproach: 'but, that we may not realise them, let us hasten the moment of necessary parting; believe me, it will not prove a moment of pleasure to me, in which I bid adieu to one among the number of my most estimated friends:'....and, with a sweet and fascinating grace of mingled kindness and timidity, she held out the hand of amity to her father's preserver and her own.

Eagerly Fredrico caught the beauteous pledge of friendship, and, with empassioned tenderness, pressed it to his throbbing heart, as he exclaimed—

'And to me the moment of parting will prove.....' Suddenly a thrill of horror, conveyed in the obtruding recollections of rectitude, arrested his utterance; he dropped her hand with the emotion of despair; and, with a look of anguish, he waved his hand, snatched up his mask (which, during this conference, he had been without), and, with an air wild as an agonised struggle between the potent powers of love and rectitude could inspire, he

rushed from the presence of Lady Angelina, and in the adjoining colonnade encountered many of the masks, who were taking a circuit of each illuminated haunt, ere their departure from the castle, to talk and commune freely over the transactions of the evening, so teeming with diabolical enmity and treachery to the orphan of the late noble lord of that domain: although the wary Lorenzago had—after, with the aid of his son and Ezzelino, he had succeeded in conveying Minora to her chamber—returned to the interrupted banquet, to do the honors of his sister's table, where he plausibly, and with all the sweetly-tuned eloquence he possessed, informed the numerous guests, 'that *la duchessa*, oppressed by the fatigue she had endured that evening, had been unable to sustain the terribly severe shock she had received, in the discovery of the nefarious plot laid by some dire enemy of the immaculate as lovely Lady Angelina, to throw a stigma upon her hitherto unsullied purity—a plot so diabolical, that on the morrow he should set forward a most determined investigation of it; and then,' he solemnly added, 'woe be unto the conceivers, aiders, and abettors of it!'

Lorenzago had, however, no such impolitic intention as investigation, since conviction told him where the plot originated, and by whom executed; and to push the matter home would be but to overwhelm his family with disgrace for malice unparalleled: but he thought it judicious to *talk* of vengeance and discovery in the high tone of conscious innocence, while, on that very morrow, he was determined to appropriate some of the Montalbano treasure to buy off evidence, and bribe to silence and concealment.

The moment Fredrico fled from a prolonged interview with her he found too fascinating for safety, to the imperative duty he had to perform, Angelina promptly felt that to indulge in one moment's retrospection of that past interview, would be but more fully to confirm that dangerous prepossession her heart seemed but too fond of cherishing—too active in encouraging; swiftly, therefore, she approached the sleeping priest, whom she hastened to awake, and then, apologising for thus disturbing his sweet slumber, informed him her friend was gone, and requested he would return to the banquet, and let Conte Lorenzago—his partner in kind protection of her—know she had retired.

'Aug! then, gem of all sparklers! sure it's not apologies you're making!' exclaimed Father Patrick, starting up and rubbing his slumber-dimmed eyes—'Sure 'tis not asleep you think I was?—It's only a way we have in Ireland, of just a-shutting our eyes, when we do n't want to be hearing what's saying. But, as to Conte Lorenzago! is it go to him, until I will see you safe to the door of your own nest, my honey-bird? Did n't I promise the duca to guard you all as one as he would be doing himself? and how will I look him in the face, if I let you one moment out of my sight, for harm to harm you, darling?'

And now kindly Father Patrick conducted the pensive Angelina to her own apartments, at the door of which they were re-

ceived by the attentive Isabella; when the good priest, satisfied of the safety of his lovely charge, gave her his parting benediction, and then went upon his mission to Count Lorenzago; and the sad-hearted Angelina hastened to seek the pillow of hopeless meditation.

To the Editor *of the* Lady's Magazine.

Sir,

IF you think that the following historic explanation of the fabulous story of the *Centaurs*—taken, in substance, from the ancient Greek writer Palæphatus—is likely to prove acceptable to your fair readers, I request that you will be so good as to admit it into the pages of your entertaining miscellany; and, if you approve the proposal, I will occasionally furnish you with some other explanations of fabulous stories, from the same author *.

I am, sir, your humble servant,
and constant reader,
Quidam.

Westminster,
November 5.

UNDER the reign of Ixion, king of Thessaly, there existed on Mount Pelion a breed of wild oxen, which infested the neighbouring country, making frequent inroads into the fields and gardens, injuring the trees, destroying the fruits of the earth, and killing the tame cattle; and so troublesome and wasteful were their ravages, that, to put an end to those devastations, Ixion at length, by public proclamation, promised a very ample reward to whoever should destroy that mischievous race.

Encouraged by that tempting promise, certain young men, of the village of *Nephelè** on the slope of the mountain, conceived the idea of training horses for riding—an idea then altogether novel, as, before that period, those animals were only used in drawing chariots.—When sufficiently prepared for their adventurous expedition, they boldly took the field with their quadruped auxiliaries, sought and encountered the ravagers in their mountainous retreats, attacked them with darts; and, whenever the oxen made resistance or attempted to pursue them, they escaped from the fury of the savage brutes by the superior fleetness of their steeds—again returning to the charge when the bulls made a stand. By thus manœuvring with their horned adversaries, they finally succeeded in extirpating the entire race, and thence acquired the appellation of *Centaurs* or *Bull-stickers**.

On receiving from Ixion the promised reward, the Centaurs, elated with the glory of their valorous exploit, and intoxicated by this sudden overflow of unusual wealth, gave a loose to their vicious inclinations, and indulged in every species of profligacy and lawless outrage, committing depredations on the inhabitants of the low country, and even carrying off their wives and daughters.

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* We feel indebted to our obliging correspondent for his kind offer, which we with pleasure accept.

* *Nephelè*, in Greek, signifies a *cloud*.

† In Greek, *Kentauroi*, from *Kenteo*, to *prick*, *stab*, or *stick*, and *Tauros*, a *bull*.

Hence arose a war between them and the neighbouring tribe of the Lapithæ, in the course of which, the Centaurs used to steal down from their heights under cover of the night, and, after lying in ambuscade till morning, then sally forth upon whatever prey presented itself to their view, and, instantly seising it, gallop off with their booty at full speed.

In the rapid retreat of these plunderers, the Lapithæ, seeing only the hinder parts of the horse and the head of the rider, ignorantly conceived that their invaders were horses with human heads: and, from this misconception, originated the monstrous story of those mixed animals, the Centaurs, who were said to have Ixion for their father, and a cloud (*Nephelè*) for their mother.

ALFRED AND FANNY.

THE fountain of my tears is dry, and I can weep no more; but you, fair readers of the Lady's Magazine, shall mourn poor Fanny's fate, and shed the soothing balm of pity o'er the sorrows of beauty. Short is my tale, and lowly is its heroine; yet, though she was nursed in obscurity, the offspring of wealth and grandeur ne'er possessed a more pure and spotless mind. Uncontaminated by flattery, she knew not that she was lovely as the summer rose, nor sighed to think, that, like that flower, she too was "born to blush unseen," and waste her virgin sweetness in retirement.

In a beautiful valley lying beneath the white-bosomed Alps, stood the cottage of Fanny's mother. Round the simple edifice, the musk-rose and acacia did not disdain to shed their luxuriant odors; while the wanton clematis, creeping in at the casement, darkened this little paradise with it's sombre blossoms. The blushing grape too, pendent over the entrance of the dwelling, seemed to invite the hand to pluck it's purple honors, which disdained the friendly shade of the fostering leaves.

Fanny, the heroine of my story, was beautiful and virtuous: her mind was noble, as her birth was lowly; and, ignorant of every thing except religion and virtue, she would not have disgraced a diadem.

Scarcely had fifteen summers warmed the roses on her cheek, when an English nobleman, traveling for his health, came with his only son to spend a short time in the romantic valley where Fanny resided. Lord St. Albans was proud, passionate, and tyrannical; and, being descended from a noble family, looked forward to great riches and honors for his son, who—mild and amiable as his father was ambitious—was not at all anxious about his future state of life.

Alfred St. Albans was going one morning to angle in a beautiful lake, which skirted the valley, when he saw a lovely maid coming towards him. Her straw hat scarcely shaded one of the fairest faces he had ever seen; and her nymph-like form, habited in the costumè of the Swiss peasants, hardly bent the tender blade, as she lightly tripped along the verdant bank. In one hand she carried a rushy basket filled

with wood-strawberries; with the other she led a little boy, whose infantine prattle dimpled her beauteous cheek with a playful smile, as, with attentive ear, she listened to his tale.

They had nearly approached the place where Alfred St. Albans was preparing to throw his line, when her young companion sauntered from the side of Fanny, (for it was she) and, going too near the edge of the lake in pursuit of a gilded fly which had attracted his attention, fell into the water.

The noise of the fall, and Fanny's scream, no sooner reached the ears of Alfred, than with the lightning's speed he flew to the bank; and, precipitating himself into the water, with a vigorous arm he seised the sinking boy, and brought him safe to land. He was amply repaid for his exertions by the gratitude of Fanny, who, when she was able to speak, poured forth in artless language her cordial thanks.

Having taken home for her her dripping charge, whose mother lived at no great distance from Fanny's cottage, Alfred was easily persuaded to go thither, and take some refreshment. Fanny brought him her freshest fruits and fairest flowrets, and with them unconsciously bestowed her heart: for Alfred St. Albans, with a person in which was centred every youthful attraction, possessed a mind as spotless as her own.

Scarcely three years older than Fanny, at an age when love and hope spread their seducing prospects before the eyes of youth, Alfred thought not of the many obstacles which barred his union with Fanny. He saw her lovely and innocent as she was, and thought none could resist so sweet a creature. He flattered himself that his father would not be able to refrain from clasping her to his bosom, and receiving her as his daughter.

Such was the picture which presented itself to the glowing imagination of the young heir, as he surveyed the graceful form of the blooming cottager. — With a light step he quitted the humble dwelling, promising to come agai the next day, to inquire concern ing the little boy whom he hac saved: but Fanny was the magnet which drew the unresisting youth back to the hamlet.

Many interviews passed between them; and they became more and more enamoured of each other. A day passed in which she did not see him; and Fanny's pillow was wetted with her tears at night. In the morning she arose early, and went with a heavy heart to fill her little basket with the wood-strawberries which grew plenteously on the mountain's side. She had scarcely passed the threshold of the door, when she beheld Alfred coming towards her—his cheek pale and wan, and his eyes filled with tears.

'Fanny! dear Fanny!' he cried, as soon as she approached him; and, clasping her fondly to his bosom, burst into tears.—Fanny wept too; but, unconscious of the cause of his sorrow, she only wept from sympathy.

'We must part, dearest girl!' he cried: 'and I shall never see you more! In a month's time we return to England, and, I fear, never again to visit dear Switzerland.'

Fanny's fortitude could not bear up against this un-expected intelligence: fainting, she sunk into

his arms; and, as he hung over her sinking form, Alfred vowed never to wed another.

Fanny, to whom he was dearer than life, was too easily prevailed on to unite her fate to his: an indigent priest from a neighbouring valley was induced by bribes and promises to wed them; and one morning Fanny stole from her maternal dwelling, and returned to it the wife of Alfred St. Albans.

Time too quickly passed till the hour of parting: a little cavern in the mountain afforded them the means of frequent meetings; and thither did they fly to take a last adieu. The beauteous cottager clung weeping to the bosom of her lord, as he pressed her tenderly in his arms, and swore to her, that, the moment he was of age, he would return to Switzerland, and take her to his native country, where he would present her to the admiring world, as his wife.

He was endeavouring to comfort her with assurances of a speedy return to her, when a rustling at the entrance of the cave induced him to raise his head from her shoulder; and how great was his surprise and terror, when he beheld Lord St. Albans.

Rage and indignation glowed on the cheek of the irritated father, as, with a menacing air, he turned to his son.—'Rash, degraded boy!' he cried—'is this the return you make for all my cares and anxieties? to unite your fate to that of a base-born cottager? Begone!' he exclaimed, turning to the trembling girl, who stood beside him—'begone! and never let me see you more! This union must be dissolved. As for you, sir, you must accompany me this moment: the carriage waits to convey you hence for ever!' then seising the arm of Alfred, who stood lost in dismay, he forcibly pushed him out of the cavern.

[*To be continued.*]

FLOATING GARDENS OF MEXICO.

(*From Walton's "Present State of the Spanish Colonies."*)

A PECULIAR feature in the description of Mexico is the celebrated artificial fields and gardens which float in the lakes, and add to their picturesque appearance. The original method of forming them is extremely simple; they plait and twist willows, and the roots of marsh plants, or other materials together, which are light, but capable of supporting the earth of the garden firmly united. Upon this foundation they lay the light bushes which float on the lake, and, over all, the mud and dirt which they draw up from the bottom. The regular figure of these islands is quadrangular, their length and breadth various; but in general they are about eight perches long, and not more than three perches in breadth, and have less than a foot of elevation above the surface of the water. These were the first fields which the Mexicans owned after the foundation of the city of Mexico; there they first cultivated the maize, great pepper, and other plants necessary for their support. In process of time, as these fields grew numerous from the industry of those people, there were culti-

vated among them gardens of flowers, and of odoriferous plants, which were used in the worship of the gods, and likewise served for the refreshment of the nobles. At present they cultivate flowers, herbs, and every kind of garden-stuff. Every day of the year, at sun-rise, innumerable boats, laden with flowers, fruits, and vegetables, which are cultivated in these gardens, are seen arriving by the canal at the great market-place of that capital. All kinds of plants thrive therein surprisingly; the mud of the lake is an extremely fertile soil, and requires no irrigation. In the largest gardens there is commonly a little tree, and even a little hut to shelter the cultivator, and defend him from rain, or the sun. When the chinampa, or owner of a garden, wishes to change his situation, to remove from a disagreeable neighbour, or to come nearer to his own family, he gets into his little vessel, and by his own strength alone, if the garden is small, or, with the assistance of others if it is large, he rows it after him, and conducts it wherever he pleases, with the little hut and tree upon it. That part of the lake where the floating gardens are, is a place of infinite recreation and amusement, where the senses receive the highest gratification; and multitudes of people are constantly visiting them in boats, on parties of pleasure.

ANECDOTES OF SIR THOMAS MORE.

(From Wordsworth's "Ecclesiastical Biography.")

ONCE he made a decree against one Pernell, at the suit of Mr. Vaughan. This said Pernell complained grievously to the king, that his chancellor was a great briber and extortioner; and that he received by Vaughan's wife, for giving sentence with her husband, a fair gilt cup, for a bribe. By the king's appointment, after he had given up his chancellorship, he was called before the council to answer that matter; where, by the Lord of Wiltshire, who misliked him for his religion, it was forcibly urged against him, as a heinous crime. Sir Thomas thus replied, 'For as much as the cup was brought me for a new year's gift, long after the decree was made, at the gentlewoman's importunate pressing it upon me, I confess, I refused not to receive it.' The lord, his enemy, in a rejoicing manner, not expecting the rest of his speech, 'my lords,' quoth he, 'I told you you should find a foul matter of it; for I was informed certainly of the truth of it.' Whereupon Sir Thomas desired their lordships, that, as they had courteously heard him tell the one part of his tale, so they would, of their honors, indifferently hear the rest. So he declared unto them, 'that albeit,' quoth he, 'I did indeed, with much a-do, receive the cup, yet immediately I caused my butler to fill it with wine, and I drank to the bearer, Mrs. Vaughan; and, when she had pledged me, I gave her the cup again, as freely as she gave it me, to deliver to her husband for his new-year's gift; and, at my instant request, against her will, she was forced to receive it. This herself shall depose, and others now here present can witness it.'

And at another time, upon a new-year's day, there came to him one Mrs. Crocker, a rich widow, for whom he had made a decree against the earl of Arundel; and she presented him with a pair of gloves, and forty pounds in angels* in them; of whom thankfully he received the gloves, and refusing the money, said unto her, 'Mistress, since it were against good manners to forsake a gentlewoman's new-year's gift, I am contented to take your gloves: but, as for the money, I utterly refuse it.' So he forced her to take her gold again.

A gentleman, one Mr. Gresham, having a cause depending before him in the Chancery, sent, for a new-year's gift, a fair golden cup, the fashion whereof liking him well, he caused one of his own presently to be brought him. His own was better in value, but, in his mind, not of so good a fashion: this he gave the messenger to deliver to his master in recompense of his; and under other condition he would in no wise receive his master's cup. Such was his innocency and clearness, evidently proved to be void of all corruption and partial affection.

To the Editor *of the* Lady's Magazine.

Sir,

THE inclosed little Novel is a translation from the French, but considerably altered in the construction, and the catastrophe of the piece, both of which, in the original, I judged to be repugnant to the genius of English manners.—If you think proper to insert it in your entertaining Miscellany, it is at your service.

Yours, &c.

J. H.

JEALOUSY.

A NOVEL.

EDWARD Ruhlsberg traveled over the various provinces of Germany in order to dissipate a secret melancholy, which was the more painful, as it sprung from no particular cause. Bred in the lap of luxury, he had hitherto desired nothing with eagerness; yet his imagination was ardent, and his heart capable of the strongest passion. The arts and sciences had alternately occupied his leisure moments; but they had not been able to fix his mind to any determinate point. If Fortune had been liberal to Ruhlsberg, Nature had been yet more so: his figure was prepossessing; and his countenance might have served to represent the picture of the calm sublimity of Sorrow. He inspired the hearts of all who beheld him with the most lively interest: they wished him happiness, yet felt a sad presentiment, that he was destined to misery. To the imaginations of women, such a countenance as Ruhlsberg's is peculiarly impressive. At five and twenty, he had, more than once, had cause to be sensible of this; yet his heart was untouched by love. Such was the character of this young man, that love must

* The *angel* was a gold coin, worth about ten shillings.

be forever unknown to him, or it must be the decisive ruler of his destiny.

Bearing with him all his indifference, Ruhlsberg arrived at Sleswick, the capital of the duchy of that name. Having letters of recommendation to persons of the highest rank, he first visited Count Mulhausen, with whom his family had been some time acquainted, and who immediately invited him to reside at his house.

Count Mulhausen was a man who would never have possessed a single idea, if his wife had not taken upon herself to furnish him with some few which favored her own particular views. She, being a finished coquette, encouraged her husband to patronise what is called, in France, *conjugal philosophy*. In his own house Count Mulhausen was looked upon as the guest of his wife; and there he made one among the crowd of her admirers. She always received the best company; and perhaps her husband might be the only man in Sleswick who was ignorant that she never extended her coquetry beyond the pleasure of gaining new conquests. In this, perhaps, there might be more pride than virtue: but it is certain, that, however her heart was corrupted, her conduct had hitherto been chaste.

The Countess Mulhausen, at thirty years of age, possessed that nymph-like elegance of figure, which is seldom preserved beyond the season of early youth; and, conscious of this advantage, she availed herself of it without scruple. Her features were perfectly regular and delicate: yet, at first sight, she scarcely impressed the fancy; and, upon a nearer examination, she seldom pleased. In her, that speaking physiognomy was wanting, which testifies the loveliness within, and gives to the beholder a sweet assurance that he may yield to the delightful sensibilities which inspire his heart. If Madame Mulhausen had not been an adept in artificial smiles and deceptious glances, the falsehood and cruelty of her heart would have been manifest in her countenance, and must have destroyed the force of her attactions. In a large circle she was extremely agreeable; in a *tête-à-tête* she had the art of appearing that which she wished you should think her. But, if she met with an unforeseen disappointment—if some other pretty woman unconsciously partook with her the general attention—it was then that ill-humour and disdain chased the smiles from her cheek, and her eyes assumed a ferocity which was even terrible. It is true that these forcible contrasts escaped the penetration of the pretty gentlemen of Sleswick. Penetration indeed is not a quality of which the followers of a coquette choose to avail themselves: all they desire, is, that their self-love be gratified by *her* admiration, in return for the admiration which they lavish upon her. But the man of sensibility claims more; and it is, therefore, not without reason that those women who have no hearts for love, endeavour to turn him into ridicule, when it is not their aim to seduce his affections.

Madame Mulhausen had seen our traveler immediately on his entering her house. At first she had observed him, in order to recollect whether he were not some one whom she had seen before:

and, afterwards, her eyes, by an involuntary movement, followed him, as he crossed the gallery which led to the count's apartment. Ruhlsberg did not perceive her. She was still in the same place, concealed behind a lattice, when he again passed to give orders for conveying his baggage to the count's house. A sentiment, still stronger than curiosity, induced her to wish to hear something of this stranger; and she was going to make inquiries of her husband, just as he entered her apartment to give her an account of the visit he had received, and of the offer he had made; and also to request that she would show to Ruhlsberg the attentions due to a son of one of his oldest friends.

This the countess very readily promised. She recollected with pleasure, that, this day, she expected a great deal of company; and she desired her husband to leave her to the duties of the toilette. Never was Madame Mulhausen so desirous to please:—she was delighted at the opportunity of displaying herself for the first time to Ruhlsberg, surrounded by a numerous train of admirers; and her self-love was still more interested in his captivation, from some words which her husband had jestingly uttered in their past conversation. He had told her, that the recommendatory letter, which Ruhlsberg brought, described him as an extremely amiable man, but as one who, for his insensibility, merited the resentment of all the beauties of Sleswick: 'therefore, madam,' said the count, as he withdrew, 'it is but fair that you should arm yourself for conquest.'

If the count had interested his wife in favor of Ruhlsberg, he had no less interested Ruhlsberg in favor of her. As he was rallying him upon that insensibility of character which the recommendatory letter described, he warned him to beware of the countess, and spoke of her as a woman whose charms were resistless—'For my part,' continued he, 'I am no judge of the matter: she certainly must be handsomer than I think: for she attracts the admiration of all who see her; and she has, besides, the happy art of inspiring amity among those whose rivalry in her favor would lead them to detest each other. It is beyond my comprehension.'

Ruhlsberg could scarcely restrain a smile of contempt at hearing a man confess that he had no method of judging of the character, the qualities, or the charms of his wife, but through the medium of other men's opinions. The count, however, mistook the expression of Ruhlsberg's countenance for a determination to brave the formidable power of this siren. 'Well! well!' said Mulhausen,—'it is *your* turn next: we shall see whether you escape.'

The discourse of Mulhausen had inspired his wife and Ruhlsberg with a mutual desire of becoming acquainted with each other: but the countess, who had seen our traveler, was deeply interested in the event; while Ruhlsberg only wished for an opportunity of beholding this astonishing woman, whose charms no man could resist.

He saw her, and received no favorable impression. There appeared, in her reception of him,

all the politeness which custom exacts, without that genuine desire to please which is the effect of sentiment. The countess penetrated the thoughts which she had inspired; and feeling now, for the first time in her life, that her heart was more interested than her vanity in the attainment of a new conquest, she insinuated more of sensibility than of artificial complaisance into the few words which she addressed to her guest. By degrees she drew him towards her: and, whether it were from a settled design, or whether she were really attracted by the pleasure of Ruhlsberg's society, she appeared to forget all who surrounded her, while engaged in conversing with him. Ruhlsberg was so quickly touched by this marked preference, that it effaced all the prejudices which he had conceived against the countess upon first beholding her.

He felt obliged by the communicative frankness of her discourse: and, when—affecting to dislike the homage which was paid to her—she expressed her taste for solitude, and her conviction that no happiness could exist but in the union of two hearts which were formed for each other, she influenced him to believe that her sentiments were genuine. In fact, her sentiments at present were neither wholly genuine nor wholly assumed: for, while her habitual vanity impelled her to conduct herself in such manner as should best secure an important conquest, a passion, unfelt till now, began to influence her character. And this is perfectly in nature; for the transition from coquetry to love is never so direct and so rapid, that a woman can at once cease to be a coquette in becoming a lover.

Had Ruhlsberg yielded himself without reserve a captive to the charms of the countess, his power over her affections had been less: but now her sensibility was stimulated by a resistance which piqued her pride, and inspired her with jealousy.

While our hero was attentively listening to a dissertation upon true happiness, a servant announced Mr. Mrs. and Miss Patterson. The countenance of Madame Mulhausen instantly bespoke her vexation at being obliged to receive new visitors; and so un-amiable was the expression of that vexation, that Ruhlsberg instantly felt in his mind a renewal of all those prejudices in disfavor of the countess, which he had experienced upon first beholding her. But Ruhlsberg could now no longer reflect: he was entirely absorbed in contemplating the youngest of those ladies, to whom Madame Mulhausen had just arisen to do the honors of her house. She appeared to be about eighteen: her figure was beautiful; her face more delicate than blooming: the expression of her countenance went to her very heart; it bespoke her devoured by affliction, and veiling her sorrows beneath an angelic smile. Scarcely had our hero heard the name of her who attracted all his attention, ere he would have sacrificed his existence to have seen her smile with the gaiety natural to her age.

(*To be continued in the Supplement.*)

see page 610

POETICAL ESSAYS.

THE LAST TOKEN, OR

'REMEMBER ME.'

Written on the Princess Amelia's mournful Present to his Majesty.

BY PETER PINDAR, ESQ.

WITH all the virtues blest, and ev'ry grace,
To charm the world and dignify her race,
Life's taper losing fast it's feeble fire,
The fair Amelia thus bespoke her sire:
' Faint on the bed of sickness lying,
My spirit from it's mansion flying,
Not long the light these languid eyes will see.
My friend, my father, and my king!
Oh! wear a daughter's mournful ring;
Receive the token, and ' *Remember Me!'*

ELEGY

MOURNFULLY INSCRIBED TO THE MEMORY OF MISS MELLOR, LATE OF BIRKACRE, NEAR CHORLEY.

COME, mournful Muse, and guide me by thy ray!
Come! and thy pensive strain to me impart:
Teach me to breathe a softly-melting lay,
Which cannot fail to reach and move the heart.
Teach me to tell, how, deck'd in beauty's pride,
I' th' charms of op'ning life the lovely Sarah died.

Ye nymphs of Albion, while these lines you read,
While here her virtues you may faintly trace,
Mark well, and see, how mind and form agreed;
For virtue shone conspicuous in her face:
And, while you read, the fairest of the fair
For her may deign to shed the voluntary tear.

Should pitying tenderness call forth a sigh,
And sympathetic fear your bosoms chill,
Ah! then remember you must shortly die!—
Does not that doom your minds with terror fill?
It surely does: for th' awful day is near,
When you, like her, must at God's judgement-seat appear!

In private life she flourish'd good and fair,
Lovely in person, lovelier yet in mind:
Modest and un-assuming was her air;
And female softness she to please combin'd —
Affably gay and cheerfully serene,
In manners well refin'd, and dignified in mien.

Soft sensibility glow'd in her heart:
For others' woes that breast would heave with sighs;
And, when she strove to succour the distress'd,
Spontaneous tears would fill her melting eyes.
With those that mourn'd, how often would she grieve,
And kindly try the wants o' th' needy to relieve!

Such was the maid, who, in life's early morn,
Fill'd th' hearts of partial friends with true regard,
And, well endow'd her station to adorn,
Promis'd their tenderness well to reward.
Each pleasing virtue tended but t' endear,
And consanguinity to bind by ties more near.

But mark the end of sublunary joy!
Behold, how soon each transient pleasure's o'er,
How soon misfortune may our bliss destroy!
Then where's the comfort we possess'd before?
Alas! 'tis gone!—All we accounted good
While promising to blow, is blighted in the bud.

So here it was.—Consumptive sickness came:
Each symptom mark'd th' approach of near decay.—
When tort'ring pain assail'd her fragile frame,
All comfort from her parents fled away;
While she, with sad afflictive pangs oppress'd,
Beheld her weeping friends, and kindly thus address'd:

'Forbear, my friends!—My mother! oh! forbear! —
That agonising sigh, that mournful tear,
Is more, much more, than Sarah now can bear. —
In pity spare your grief; nor let me see
That all your sorrow's caus'd for loss of me.
Though life is closing ere 'tis well begun,
Yet do not mourn my hasty-setting sun.
Greive not for me, nor at my fate repine:
Remember, th' hand that gives it is divine.
I languish now in pain, but soon shall rise,
To dwell for ever in my native skies.
I soon shall land on yonder blissful shore,
To yon ethereal mansions soon shall soar.
Then cease to murmur: bid each grief be still;
And bow submissive to th' Almighty's will.
Though now we part, we soon shall meet again
In regions free from ev'ry care and pain.
The storm of adverse life will soon be o'er;
And then we'll meet where sorrow is no more.'

But soon, alas! she drew her latest breath,
And bid adieu to all below the skies.
Cold is her lovely form, laid low in death,
Till Jesus Christ shall bid her to arise.—
Weep, maids of Britain, weep! that this fair flow'r
Was snatch'd from tender friends by Death's relentless pow'r:

And, while you shed the tear to Pity due,
The mental monitor must say, 'Prepare!
For Death may soon his jav'lin hurl at you,
And cut your thread of life, ere you're aware:
While health may promise many years to come,
Remorseless Death may sink you to the silent tomb.

ANN BIBBY.

Chorley, July 23, 1810.

ON THE FALL OF THE LEAF.

SEE the late honors of yon tree
Fall wither'd to the ground;
And thus they say, or seem to say,
In sad and solemn sound:

Mortals! 'tis thus you all must fall:
For know, you are but dust!
From earth you are; and, at Death's call,
Return to earth you must.

Ye rising youth, in Life's fair spring,
And strangers yet to care,
Whose eager hopes are on the wing,
With prospects now so fair!

How oft, deceiv'd by cloudless skies,
We swell with future joy!
Then, lo! chill blighting winds arise,
And all our hopes destroy.

Ye blooming virgins, young and gay,
Of beauty vainly proud,
Who sport amid the sweets of May,
Nor dread a wintry cloud!

How late did we yon trees adorn,
In beauty clothe each bough!
Now all our transient charms are gone:—
Alas! what are we now?

Ye too, whom manly pow'rs now bless,
Who bask in Fortune's rays,
Think, Autumn does on Summer press,
And brings his shorten'd days.

Ye hoary sires, in silent dread
Examine days gone by;—
The falling honors of the head
Proclaim a Winter nigh.

Ye hoarding misers, fond of store,
Who start from nightly rest,
And, anxious, try the bolted door,
That guards the precious chest!

Ye wretched fools! see, yon bare tree
Now wails it's treasures gone;
And oft, on self-made wings, we see
Riches as quickly flown.

'Ambition's sons, who court the breath
Of Flatt'ry and Renown!
The fickle air but lifts from earth,
Again to hurl us down.'

Man! profit from this lesson giv'n:
Forego earth's idle toys;
With thy right hand lay hold on heav'n,
And wait immortal joys.

There no deceitful clouds are seen,
No fading beauty reigns:
But trees of life, for ever green,
Adorn the blissful plains.

Ye misers! now reverse your care:
Henceforth, with equal zeal,
A lasting wealth for heav'n prepare,
Where thieves nor break nor steal!

Ambition's sons! 'tis high renown
In Virtue, good men prize:
This leads to an immortal crown,
And empire in the skies.

ANONYMUS.

N. Petherton,
Nov. 12, 1810.

ON TIME.

LO, o'er yon walls with moss o'ergrown,
Where once Ambition held her court,
Where grandeur saw her sun go down,
And now the moping owl's resort,

The hoary-headed sire displays
His indefatigable wings;
Thence, with a glance, the earth surveys,
And mocks all sublunary things.

Th' enormous scythe his right hand bears,
Whose ample sweep strikes empires low;
His left, the glass of man's frail years
Still shakes, to aid their rapid flow.

The Hours his furrow'd temples shade,
As round in airy rings they fly:
But, ere one short rotation's made,
Alas! what num'rous mortals die!

Oh, Time! thou all-destructive pow'r!
Can nought thy wasteful force withstand?
Lo! empires, with yon tott'ring tow'r,
Bewail thy slow-decaying hand.

Hark! hark! a heav'nly voice I hear,
Which says, 'Yes, man shall Time defy,
High rais'd above this transient sphere,
In promis'd immortality.

'Though Time may silver o'er his hairs,
And waste his frame by slow decay;
Bring second childhood, ere his years
Deposit him with kindred clay;

'The soul, at large, the God of truth
Shall welcome to it's destin'd clime,
To flourish in immortal youth,
Triumphant over Death and Time.'

ANONYMUS.

N. Petherton.

EXTRACT FROM A MS. ELEGY

ON A DOG THAT WAS STARVED TO DEATH.

ALAS! poor Jupy*! does this prove
Thy cruel master's boasted love?
Did he, for this, so highly prize thee?
So oft and bitterly chastise thee?
For this, take pains to have thee known
In ev'ry alehouse of the town? ......
Tremble, ye dogs of ev'ry size!
See! Jupy, fav'rite Jupy dies!
Time was (oh! were that time again!)
Three guineas sued for thee in vain.
'Three guineas!' Leg† cries: 'you mistake it:
No, sir! I'll starve before I'll take it.'
Justice heard all, and vow'd revenge:
But — (whether she her mind might change,
Or, blind, have miss'd her mark, I'm short in) —
She fell upon the dog, 'tis certain.
The hapless brute (oh! dire disaster!)
Paid the sad forfeit for his master.

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* Jupiter, the dog's name.
† The owner's name.

THE MISER'S DREAM.

LULL'D in a pleasing sleep old Cornell lies,
Sees guineas, heap'd on guineas, reach the skies.
His hands, his eyes, confess th' attracting pow'r:
Eager he starts, and grasps the golden show'r.
'Five thousand! all my own! bless me! 'tis brave!
One thousand more, ye gods! 'tis all I crave.'
So said, so done; fancy improv'd the cheat:
A thousand straight lay glitt'ring at his feet.
The wish obtain'd, but griev'd the miser more:
His poverty 's now greater than before.
'A thousand! what 's a thousand? Silly man!
Fool that I was! I should have ask'd for ten.'
Now wishes upon wishes double, treble:
Tens, twenties, hundreds, fast as they are able,
Pour down. Old Gripe still, as the portions come,
More eager grows, and multiplies each sum.
But, lo! i' th' midst of all his fancied store,
Entomb'd in wealth, yet rav'ning still for more,
Loud thunder roars! — He starts: the guineas run.
'Help! murder! rogues! I'm ruin'd and undone!'
Distracted, wild, he raves, he foams, he frets,
Counts o'er his bags, accuses all he meets —
Mad to be thus at once in all things cross'd,
His gold, his dream, and all his wishes, lost.

ST. JOH.
MTTS. WM.

*W******,*
Sept. 14, 1810.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

October 2.

THE ratifications of a convention, concluded at Paris on the 30th of August, between the emperor of the French, as protector of the confederation of the Rhine, and the emperor of Austria, were this day exchanged at Fontainebleau; in consequence of which convention, all sequestrations laid on the property of individuals during the late war, by the Austrian monarch or the Rhenish confederation, are to be taken off within two months, and the proprietors restored to the enjoyment of their property.

Oct. 10. A dreadful conflagration took place at Charleston in South Carolina, which continued to rage nearly twenty-four hours. The number of houses either burned, or blown up to prevent the spreading of the fire, was about two hundred and fifty; and the loss of property was estimated at not less than half a million of dollars. A great proportion of the sufferers being persons in the humbler sphere of life, many of whom lost their all by this dreadful calamity—bread and meat were, the next day, distributed to them, and subscriptions set on foot for their relief.—Fortunately, however, not more than one individual was known to have perished; and few received any very serious personal injury.

St. John's (Antigua), Oct. 11. Accounts from Guadaloupe announce the discovery of a conspiracy to regain possession of that island for it's former master Buonaparte. The particulars are not known here, and perhaps, for obvious reasons, are but partially known even at Guadaloupe to the mass of the inhabitants. From what has transpired, it appears clear, that a number of the principal merchants have countenanced this act of treason to the British government; for which offence a very considerable number of them have received orders to quit the colony within a fortnight.

Nov. 3. In consequence of the revocation of the French edicts against American commerce, Mr. Madison, president of the United States of America, issued a proclamation, the purport of which may be sufficiently understood from the following circular letter sent, on the same day, to the collectors of the customs, by the secretary of the treasury.

'Sir,

'You will herewith receive a copy of the proclamation of the president of the United States, announcing the revocation of the edicts of France, which violated the neutral commerce of the United States, and that the restrictions imposed by the Act of May 1st last, accordingly cease from this day in relation to France. French armed vessels may therefore be admitted into the harbours and waters of the United States; any thing in that law to the contrary not withstanding.

'It also follows, that, if Great Britain shall not, on the 2d day of February next, have revoked or modified in like manner her edicts violating the neutral commerce of the United Strtes, the 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, and 18th sections of the act to interdict the commercial intercourse between the United States and Great Britain and France, and their dependencies, and for other purposes, shall, in conformity with the acts first above mentioned, be revived and have full force and effect, so far as relates to Great Britain and her dependencies, from and after the said 2d day of February next. Unless, therefore, you shall before that day be officially notified by this department of such revocation or modification, you will from and after the said day, carry into effect the above mentioned sections, which prohibit both the entrance of British vessels of every description into the harbours and waters of the United States, and the importation into the United States of any articles, the growth, produce, or manufacture of the dominions, colonies, and dependencies of Great Britain; and of any articles whatever brought from the said dominions, colonies, and dependencies.—I am respectfully, sir,

'Your obedient servant,

'ALBERT GALLATIN.'

Vienna, Nov. 11. The medical people of this capital have declared, that there are people who cannot renounce coffee without their health suffering from it, and that there is no other plant which is able to replace it. They have, in consequence, proposed, that apothecaries

should be permitted to keep coffee, and to physicians to prescribe an ounce a day to persons who cannot do without it.

Letters from Constantinople assure us that the schah of Persia has made peace with the Russians; and that this intelligence, joined to the disasters of the campaign upon the Danube, appears to have inspired with pacific sentiments the ministers of the Porte.

Cadiz, Nov. 11. By a communication from Sir James Fellowes to the British consul at Cadiz, it appears that the mortality in that city was decreasing. Few fresh cases were observed in the town; and the number of deaths was diminished. On the 8th, there were nineteen burials—on the 9th, twenty—and, on the 10th, seventeen.—The British troops, both in Cadiz and at the Isla, enjoyed good health.

Stockholm, Nov. 13. The diet yesterday terminated it's sittings. His majesty, upon his throne, and having the prince royal at his side, presided at this ceremony. Among the last resolutions adopted by the states, is that which bears, that the ex-king Gustavus-Adolphus and his posterity are banished for ever from the Swedish territory, and prohibited from ever entering it under pain of death. The civil list has been considerably diminished by the measures of economy which the diet has introduced into several parts of the public expense. Under Gustavus, the sums set apart for the maintenance of the king and his household, amounted to 500,000 rix-dollars banco; they have now been reduced to 260,000. The revenue fixed for the prince royal was 60,000 crowns: it has been augmented by 6000 more; and this sum is to suffice for supporting the households of the prince and princess. The states have allotted 12,000 rix-dollars for prince Oscar.

Nov. 16. Letters from Teneriffe, of the 16th November, state, that the yellow fever had broken out in the town of Santa Cruz, in that island; that about 300 persons had died in the course of one month: 5,000 were afflicted with it at the above date, and from 25 to 35 died every 24 hours.

Extracts from Lord Wellington's dispatches to government, dated Cartaxo, Nov. 21.

The enemy retired from the position which they had held for the last month, with their right at Sobral, and their left resting upon the Tagus, in the night of the 14th instant; and went by the road of Alenquer towards Alcoentre with their right, and Villa Nova with their left. They continued their retreat towards Santarem on the following days.

The allied army broke up from their position on the morning of the 15th instant, and followed the march of the enemy; and the advanced guard was at Alenquer on the 15th, and the British cavalry and the advanced guard at Azambuga and Alcoentre on the 16th, and at this place on the 17th.

In these movements they made about 400 prisoners.

These troops have been followed on their march by Sir Brent Spencer's division, and the 5th division of infantry under major-general Leith.

On the 17th I received accounts that the enemy had constructed another bridge on the Zezere, that which had been first thrown over that river having been carried away by the floods; and that they had on that day marched a large body of troops from Santarem towards Golegao; and I immediately passed lieutenant-general Hill's corps across the Tagus at Valada, in boats. * * * * * * * *

The effective strength of the army in proportion to it's total numbers has increased lately. There is no sickness in the army of any importance; and above one-half of those returned as sick in the military returns are convalescents, who are retained at Belem till they will have gained sufficient strength to bear the fatigues of marching and their duty in the field. Besides the allied army, an additional force has been provided from the fleet. * * * * * *

The marquis de la Romana had joined the allied army in their positions in front of Lisbon, with a considerable detachment of the Spanish army under his command: he still continues with us, and I receive from him much valuable advice and assistance.

Throughout the period, during which we occupied these positions, every thing went on with the utmost regularity and to my satisfaction, notwithstanding that the force was composed of troops of various descriptions, and of different nations; and I attribute those advantages entirely to the zeal for the cause in which we are engaged, and the conciliating disposition of the chiefs and general officers of the armies of the different nations; and I have no doubt that the same cor-

diality will prevail as long as it may be expedient that the armies should continue united.

Nov. 19. The king of Sweden issued a declaration of war against England.

Dunkirk, Nov. 26. This day the burning of the confiscated English goods commenced here, which took place with great pomp.

Nov. 27. By a letter received at the Admiralty, it appears that the ships under Captain Tucker's command in the East Indies, had captured from the enemy sixty-four vessels of various descriptions, between December 8, 1809, and April 29, 1810.

Stockholm, Nov. 29. ' Bernadotte's wife has been detained by the French at Hamburgh, under pretence that the new crown prince had not influenced Sweden to conform to the continental system, and other measure hostile to Great Britain. This is nothing but a contrivance to remove the odium of the steps to be taken from Bernadotte, by falsely representing his unwillingness to resort to them.

Amsterdam, Dec. 4. This day, 153 bales of English goods were publicly burned under the inspection of magistrates, French officers, &c.

Dec. 9. The last French papers contain a most important decree by Buonaparte, relating to the press in France; from which it appears, that the number of printers having been antecedently reduced, those into whose possession the prohibited or other presses may come, are to make declarations of their having such dangerous weapons in their custody, and apply for permission to use or keep them. Frenchmen, indeed, never enjoyed much liberty of speech or action; but now they are actually degraded to something below an intelligent class of beings; and will, if this tyranny continue, as soon as the lights derived from happier times shall have died away, be the most ignorant race of men upon earth.

Dec. 9. The Konigsberg letters mention, that the utmost severity is continued with respect to trade, and that it is presumed that all the ships seised at Pillau will have their cargoes condemned, and publicly sold.

Dec. 11. It appears that Admiral De Courcy had received dispatches at Rio Janeiro by the Misletoe schooner from the Plata, on which he immediately sailed for that place in the Foudroyant, and orders were given for all the ships of war on the station to proceed for the same destination. The departure of the commander in chief, and the force under his command, is attributed to great commotions which had taken place at Buenos Ayres and the neighbouring provinces. It is indeed stated, that Liniers and five of his associates have been tried and executed by the new government of Buenos Ayres. They are stated to have been convicted of treasonable practises against the legitimate government of Ferdinand the VIIth, and were put to death on the 26th of August last, at a short distance from Buenos Ayres, amid the acclamations of the populace.—The commotions which had occurred had induced the British naval commander to place Buenos Ayres in a state of blockade.

Letters have also been received from Monte Video, which contain some intelligence respecting Buenos Ayres, from which the following is an extract:—

' The information from Buenos Ayres is of an interesting nature; they are in a state of civil war; Liniers, his son, and five others, have been shot: among whom are colonel Alende; the governor of Cordovà, Conchy; the Assesso, Rodrigues; and the officer, Real, Moreno. Business is very dull, and a great scarcity of specie; not a dollar is to be found here, and the same was likely to happen at Buenos Ayres, if the governing Junta at that city should not reduce the anterior provinces, through which all the treasures must pass.'

Dec. 13. Letters of this date, from the continent, give the following statements —

In various parts of Germany the burning of British goods under the late decrees had been persevered in, and to a very considerable amount; but in Stockholm so rigid had been the observance of the law, that no commodities of this description had been found.

In Prussia, merchandize to a prodigious value remained under seal.

In Holland the distresses of the inhabitants of the capital, and other populous towns, are deplorable in the extreme, owing to the total stagnation of trade. Those who formerly lived in the first style, have been reduced to poverty, or, to avert that extremity, have been compelled to contract their expenditure within the narrowest limits. It is mentioned as a positive fact, that within the last few weeks upwards of 2000 domestic servants had been discharged.

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

His Majesty's Health.

THE following are the daily bulletinsg signed by his Majesty's physicians.

Nov. 25. 8 o'clock, p. m. His Majesty is not quite so well this evening as he was in the morning.

Nov. 26. His Majesty has had very little sleep in the night, but is not worse this morning.

Nov. 27. His Majesty has had between two and three hours' sleep in the night, and is this morning much the same as yesterday.

Nov. 28. 9 o'clock p. m. His Majesty is not quite so well this evening as he was in the morning.

Nov. 29. His Majesty has passed a quiet night, and appears rather better this morning.

Nov. 30. His Majesty continues much the same to-day as he was yesterday.

Dec. 1. His Majesty has not passed a very good night, but is much the same as he was yesterday.

Dec. 2. 9 o'clock, p. m. His Majesty has continued the whole day full as well as he was in the morning.

Dec. 3. 9 o'clock, p. m. The state of amendment which has been observed in his Majesty for the last three days, still continues.

Dec. 4. His Majesty has passed another good night, and is fully as well as he was yesterday.

Dec. 5. His Majesty has passed another good night, and is still a little better this morning.

Dec. 6. His Majesty has had but an indifferent night, and is not quite so well this morning.

Dec. 7. His Majesty's indisposition increased through the day, yesterday; but he has had some hours' sleep in the night, and is better this morning.

Dec. 8. His Majesty has passed a sleepless night, and is not quite so well as he was yesterday.

Dec. 9. His Majesty has had several hours' sleep, and appears better than he was any part of yesterday.

Dec. 10. His Majesty is quite as well as he was yesterday, though he has passed the night with little sleep.

Dec. 11. The King has had a very ood night, and is better this morning.

Dec. 12. His Majesty has passed a good night, and appears much the same as he was yesterday.

Dec. 13. His Majesty has had but little sleep, and is much the same as he was yesterday.

Dec. 14. His Majesty has passed a good night, and is much the same as he was yesterday.

Dec. 15. His Majesty passed a tolerably good night, and is quite as well as he was yesterday.

Dec. 16. The King passed an indifferent night: but he is as well as he was yesterday.

Dec. 17. His Majesty has passed a quiet night, though without much sleep, and has appeared rather better through the last 24 hours.

Dec. 18. His Majesty has passed a good night, and is much in the same state as he was yesterday.

Dec. 19. His Majesty has had a tolerably good night, and is much the same this morning as he was yesterday.

Dec. 20. His Majesty has passed a good night, and appears rather better this morning.

Dec. 21. His Majesty has had a very good night, and is better to-day.

Dec. 22. His Majesty has passed a pretty quiet night, and is not materially different from his state yesterday.

Price of the quartern loaf in London.—November 15th, fifteen pence, halfpenny—Nov. 22d, fourteen pence, three farthings—Nov. 29, the same—Decemb. 6, fifteen pence—Decemb. 13, fourteen pence, three farthings.

Monmouth, Nov. 13. About eight o'clock yesterday morning, two fishermen going down the river in their truckles, fishing for salmon, found their net much heavier than usual: and, on coming to shore, they found it contained a huge monster, the upper part of it bearing the exact resemblance of a man, the middle of a beast, spotted like a leopard, and a tail like a fish; the hair on his head green.

He has red eyes, and tusks five inches and a half in length, and measures from head to tail thirteen feet and three quarters. He s now deposited in the town-hall, for he inspection of the curious.

Nov. 22. The village of Seddlescomb was alarmed by the appearance of a phænomenon rarely observed on land, but well known at sea by the denomination of a water-spout. A cloud was observed to ascend with rapid whirls to a considerable height, and there burst with a tremendous but peculiarly sounding crash, totally dissimilar to the usual noise of thunder. The explosion was followed by the fall of several pieces of earth, a heavy shower of hail, and all the awful and magnificent scenery of a storm.

A pear was lately taken from a tree in the garden of Mrs. Milnthorpe, of Warmfield, near Wakefield, which weighs 14 lb. 7 oz. measures thirteen inches and half in girth, and is eight inches long.

Nov. 26. In the Court of King's Bench, Henry Proctor, for assisting the escape of three French officers on their parole, was brought up for judgement. The prisoner's affidavit stated, that he had been arrested in France in time of peace; that he had there married a native of that country; that, through the influence of one of her relations, he was enabled to escape from prison, on condition of doing the same service to a French prisoner, a relation of the person who had managed his escape from France; and that he felt himself impelled by gratitude and honor to commit the act for which he now stood before the court.—Mr. Justice Grose then passed sentence, that the prisoner should be committed to the Cold-bath-fields prison for six months, and then find security to keep the peace for five years, himself in 300l. and two sureties in 150l. each.

Nov. 26. In the Court of King's Bench, John Gale Jones was sentenced, on a charge of libel, to twelve months' imprisonment in the house of correction, Cold-bath-fields, and to find securities to keep the peace for three years.

The persons found guilty of exciting disturbances at the Liverpool theatre were also sentenced to imprisonment in the castle of Lancaster, viz. two of them for twelve months, two for three months, and two for two months.

Nov. 27. The Count de Gottorp, the late King of Sweden, attended at St. James's Palace, with his interpreter, to inquire respecting the state of his Majesty's health, and to leave his name. They were introduced to Earl Poulett, the lord in waiting, who received the Count with all due respect. The Count was dressed in mourning, with a small white star on his coat; his hair was short in his neck, and powdered. After conversing with Earl Poulett and General Campbell for some time, he retired from the Palace, apparently gratified with the attention shown him. The King of Sweden will remain in this country as a private gentleman, and refuses all pecuniary aid or pomp. He is attended by a confidential friend, an Englishman, and one domestic. He means to view all our great cities and manufactories. He dined and spent the evening with the Prince of Condé and all the Bourbons, at Wimbledon, on the 24th inst.

Nov. 27. A remarkable and nefarious *hoax* was practised on a *sick* lady in Berner's street, and on a prodigious number of tradespeople, who, in consequence of fictitious orders, brought to her prodigious quantities of goods of every imaginable description, among the rest *a coffin!* Her house was beset during the whole day by tradesmen and porters, by medical men and artists, and by servants wanting places; so that the street was rendered absolutely impassable by the carts and waggons full of goods, and the crowd assembled. Every police officer that could be found, was ordered to attend; and it was with difficulty that they were able, at a late hour, to clear the street.

Nov. 28. In the Court of King's Bench, Daniel Lovell, printer and publisher of '*The Statesman*,' was sentenced, on two charges of libel, to two years' imprisonment in Newgate—and Mr. Harvey, the printer of '*The Day*,' and Mr. Fisher, the publisher, were sentenced, on a charge of libel, to twelve months' confinement in the same prison. They are all three to find securities for keeping the peace for three years.

Nov. 28. *Court of King's Bench.*—A rule, which had been obtained for a writ of Habeas Corpus, to deliver the *Hottentot Venus* (as she is termed) from supposed restraint under her keeper, was discharged, as it appeared that she was not under restraint, and was satisfied with her situation. She is to receive half the profits accruing from the exhibition of her person.

Nov. 28. His Majesty's physicians were examined by the privy council, on

the subject of his Majesty's illness; and from their examinations, it appeared uncertain whether he would ever recover.

Nov. 29. The parliament met, in pursuance of their adjournment from the 15th, and, after the reading of the examinations of his Majesty's physicians, again adjourned to December 13th.

Nov. 30. *Court of Common Pleas.*—A watch-maker had sold a watch, engaging, if it did not go well, to return the money.—It did not go well: he offered to mend it, or give another in it's stead, but refused to return the money.—A verdict was given against him for the amount.

Nov. 30. At a numerous meeting of the inhabitants of Bridgewater, and others concerned, several resolutions were adopted, in opposition to the formation of a proposed canal between Bristol and Taunton.

Dartmoor, Dec. 1. Four soldiers belonging to the Nottingham Militia have been tried, for aiding the escape of six French prisoners of war at this place, when on duty on the 14th of November, at ten at night. Early next morning two American prisoners informed the agent of the escape, when the hue and cry was immediately raised, and one taken the second day, at a place called Jump, nine miles from hence; and on the 19th, the other five were taken at King's Bridge, 23 miles distant. The morning after the escape, the four soldiers were taken into custody on suspicion; when one of them confessed that the Frenchmen gave them eight pounds each, and that they left their post, and put them on the direct road for the coast, and then returned. In a shaving-box belonging to one of the soldiers, were found 30 guineas covered with soap. The trial began on Monday last, and finished on Friday; the charge was fully proved against three of them, and the proceedings were sent up to the Commander in Chief.

Singular Fact. Mr. William Brown, jun. of Skipton, has a hen, thirteen years old, which gave over laying six years ago last spring, when she again commenced laying, and has since produced fifty-four eggs.

There are now growing a second crop, this year, of fine apples, at present as large as a full-grown walnut, on a young tree in the garden of Elkanah Aspinal, Esq. of Bank Hall, near Selby.

Restitution. A few days ago the sum of three shillings was conveyed into a shop in Sheffield. It was inclosed in a piece of paper, on which a memorandum was written, that the person who had sent it had fraudulently obtained that amount, several years ago, from those to whom it was addressed: and it was further intimated, that restitution was one step towards true repentance. This conscientious act deserves record both for warning and example Another shopkeeper received a similar note, in the same hand, inclosing half-a-crown. It was conviction under a sermon that wrought this change in the feelings of the unknown penitent.

Eagle. An eagle was shot a few days ago, on Tredake, Cornwall, whilst feeding on the carcase of a sheep. It was three feet long, between the extremities of it's bill and tail. The expansion of it's wings was six feet ten inches. It's body, neck, and head, were brown; their plumage elegantly variegated with shades of darker brown. When examined, the feathers on it's head and neck were narrow and sharp pointed, and white, except their points, which were very brown. The feathers on it's body were white, diversified with pale brown; their extremities very dark brown. The feathers in the pinions of it's wings were black; those next to them brown, and the rest white, here and there shaded with pale brown: their extremities dark brown. The feathers in it's tail were fourteen inches long, almost all white, spotted, partially, with light brown; their extremities very dark brown. It's thighs were covered with reddish brown feathers, and it's legs partly with feathers of the same colour. It's feet were yellow; it's toes armed with long, curved, black talons. It's bill was curved and black; and from the appearance of it's bill, talons, and feathers, the bird was young. When this mighty aërial adventurer descended on the sheep's carcase, the magpies and crows feeding thereon, in haste, with shrill chatter and dreadful cries, forsook their prey, and sought shelter in the nearest trees and thickets.

An extraordinary scene of villany has recently been detected in one of the Western counties.—A young man, who devoted his time to the acquisition of pugilism, while his family supposed he was studying divinity at Oxford, some time ago gave out that he had received a living in the county of Suffolk, of 800*l.* per annum, and that a relation in the East had left him a fortune of 90,000*l.*

To confirm these assertions, he fabricated the necessary documents, and kept up an ostensible correspondence with the gentleman who gave him the living, and who apparently replied with great punctuality to his letters, and always according to his wishes; which he took the surest way of accomplishing, by writing the answers himself, and sending them to an agent in London, to be returned to him in the country, or sent to those whom he intended to make the chief dupes of his frauds. So ably was his plan matured, that he imposed on a respectable solicitor in London, and made him instrumental to the completion of it. By these means, and the expensive style in which he lived, he contrived to raise several thousands in the metropolis, by granting annuities at a low priee; and in the country, by bills drawn in the name of the supposed donor of the living, on a respectable banking-house. Some short time since he seduced a young lady, under a promise of marriage; and defrauded the brother of a respectable person's daughter, with whom he intermarried, about six weeks ago, of 1000*l.* to compromise, as he said, the affair. He absconded a few days ago, leaving his wife in a very unenviable situation: but great hopes are entertained of his apprehension. When he went off he wore the habit of a clergyman, in which character he voluntarily officiated, and married several couple, without having taken, as it is firmly believed, holy orders. He is a tall genteel young man, about 25 years of age.

Dec. 3. In the Court of Exchequer, a collector of King's taxes, (one Pudy, of Warding, in Norfolk) was found guilty of charging several poor farmers with higher sums than those at which they had been rated, and converting the surplus to his own use.

Dec. 4. In the Court of Common Pleas, a verdict (but with liberty of application to Court) was given against the Marquis of Townshend, for the value of a green-house and shrubs—his own improvements on a piece of rented ground, and removed by him at the expiration of his occupancy, but claimed by the landlord, as fixtures.

Dec. 4. On another trial in the same Court, it was discovered that two persons, named Howard and George, had formed a swindling partnership, and gone about the country to buy goods, which they never intended to pay for. Their depredation were to have been extended to the amount of ten thousand pounds: but a quarrel between them produced the discovery.

Dec. 5. A remarkable verdict was given at the Old Bailey.—A man was indicted for stealing a watch; the fact, and his person, were positively sworn to; and (as observed by the judge, Baron Graham) nothing appeared, to invalidate the testimony given. The jury, however, acquitted the culprit, because (as they alleged in answer to the judge's inquiries into their motive) the watch had not been produced and identified.

Dec. 5. At Marlborough-street Police Office, a lady of respectability, wife of a gentleman at Liverpool, charged a shoemaker in Kingsgate street, Holborn, named Pittman, and his wife, Mary Jones, his servant, and another man, with a violent assault. The facts attending the case, as adduced in evidence, were as follow:—The prosecutrix had purchased a pair of shoes at the shop of the prisoner on Tuesday evening, and she returned with her daughter to purchase seven other pairs on the following morning, when she was charged with theft, and searched, together with her daughter, in the most indecent manner. No property was found about them, but the prisoner Pittman called a constable, who refused to take the lady and her daughter in charge. Pittman then confined the two females in a room, and aided by the other three persons, he committed another assault of the most offensive kind. The defence was, that a theft had been committed in the defendant's shop on the preceding night, and the prosecutrix was suspected. Mr. Plaistowe, the magistrate, after expressing his abhorrence of the conduct of the prisoners, ordered them all to find bail, to answer their conduct at the Sessions.

Dec. 6. At a Court of Common Council of the city of London, on a report from the Thames Navigation Committee, the Court referred it to them to consider the best means to be adopted for effectually opposing the several proposed plans for making cuts, canals, &c. which, if obtained, would entirely divert the trade from the River Thames.

Plymouth, Dec. 13. Came in the President, 44, Capt. Warren, in 36 days, from Malta, last from Lisbon. She has brought passengers; the celebrated Mons. Lucien Bonapartè, his family, goods, chattels, and servants; she is put under quarantine; she had landed all her empty casks to make room for his baggage.

BIRTHS.

Nov. 24. The lady of Thomas Schofield, Esq. of Ascot-place, Grange Road, of a son and heir.

Nov. 9. At Thunderton, the lady of Sir Archibald Dunbar, Esq. of Northfield, Scotland, of a daughter.

Nov. 27. At Norton Priory, Lancashire, the lady of Sir Richard Brooke, Bart. of a daughter.

Dec. 10. The lady of the Hon. John Wingfield, Stratford, of a son and heir.

Dec. 10. The lady of Isaac Goldsmid, Esq. Spital-square, of a son.

Dec. 11. In Gower-street, Bedford-square, the lady of Walter Skirrow, Esq. of a daughter.

Dec. 14. At Petersham, the lady of the Rev. Dr. Sampson, of a son.

Dec. 16. In Fludyer-street, Westminster, the lady of S. A. Leeke, Esq. of a son.

Dec. 21. Lately, the Countess of Craven, of a son.

Dec. 18. At Burghwallis, near Doncaster, the lady of Michael Fasburgh, Esq. of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

Nov. 29. At Plymouth, Mr. I. Kennedy, a superannuated master in the navy, aged 74, to Miss Margaret Pringle, aged 29.

Dec. 1. Thomas Howorth, Esq. of Stratton-street, Piccadilly, to Mary Anne, second daughter of the Rev. D. Valpy.

Dec. 4. Charles Court, Esq. captain in the Bombay marine, to Miss Holroyd.

Lately, R. W. H. Vyse, Esq. of Stope-place, Bucks, M.P. to Miss Frances Hesketh, of Newton, Chester.

Dec. 8. James Wedderburn Webster, Esq. to the R. Hon. Lady Frances Caroline Annesley, second daughter of the Earl of Mountmorris.

Dec. 11. Charles Webb, Esq. of Charlotte-place, Bedford-square, to Miss Wiltshire, of Clapham Common.

Dec. 12. James Wickens, Esq. of the Inner Temple, to Miss Anne Taylor, of Maddington House, Wiltshire.

Dec 13. Henry Armwell Frankland, Esq. to Miss Mary Gill, of Eashing House, Surrey.

Dec. 18. John Nelthorpe, Esq. of Ferrily, to Miss Marianna Brooke, of Bardney Hall.

Dec. 18. Thomas Pain Fenner, Esq. of Francis-street, Bedford-square, to Miss Eliza Bevaru Park, of Finsbury.

Dec. 14. Eden Rowlatt, Esq. of Manner House, Romford, to Miss Hannah Gordon, of Charter-house square.

Dec. 15. William Leathley, Esq. of Hackney, to Miss Emma Maria Maule, of the same place.

Dec. 18. The Rev. John Lukin, rector of Nursling, to Miss Genner, of Etchingham, Sussex.

Dec. 18. H. H. Browne, Esq. of Blackheath, to Mrs. Benford, of Pall-Mall.

DEATHS.

Oct. 13. At Antigua, Brigadier-general Robert Nicholson.

Nov. 5. At Loftus, near Whitby, in the full possession of her faculties, Mary Toas, aged 101.

Nov. 14. Mr. J. Wharton, of Appleby Carr Side, in the county of Lincoln, at the age of 34: when only eighteen years of age he weighed eighteen stone, and continued to increase in weight a stone each year, till he was thirty years old.

Nov. 20. At Exeter, B. Parr, M.D. Fellow of the Royal Society of London and Edinburgh, &c.

Nov. 23. At Penzance, Elizabeth Honnychurch, aged 100.

Nov. 26. The Right Hon. Lady Edward O'Bryen.

Nov. 26. At Waterford, the Rev. W. Dickson, in the act of preaching on the text, '*We must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ.*'

Nov. 30. General Peter Craig, colonel of the 67th foot.

Nov. 30. Suddenly, in the Friarage, Lancaster, Lord Viscount Fauconberg, in the 65th year of his age.

Dec. 2. At Ramsgate, Rear-admiral W. Fox, aged 77.

Dec. 5. Suddenly, in the 45th year of his age, the R. H. Fred. W. Ginckell, Earl of Athlone, &c.

Dec. 6. John Francis Rigaud, R. A. &c. &c. and historic painter to Gustavus IV. of Sweden.

Dec. 7. Suddenly in his post-chaise on a journey, Mr. Henderson, M. P. for Brackley.

Dec. 14. The Rev. Henry Poole, M.A. chaplain to his R. H. the Prince of Wales.

Dec. 19. At Springfield-place, Essex, in the 84th year of his age, Thomas Brograve, Esq. deputy lieutenant of this county.

Dec. 20. John Godfrey, Esq. of Bedford-square.

THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR

THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED

SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

SUPPLEMENT, FOR 1810.

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1. FARM-HOUSE near HELVOETSLUYS.
2. New and elegant PATTERN for a HABIT-SHIRT or TUCKER.

LONDON:

Printed for G. ROBINSON, No. 25, Paternoster-Row;

Where Favors from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

IF '*an early Promoter*' will point out the deficiencies which he mentions, they shall be immediately supplied.

We cannot comply with the wish of the author of '*an old English Story;*' and the MS. will be returned on production of an order in the same hand-writing.

The author of '*Henry Adair,*' and the author of '*Manilo Castle,*' are requested, each to favor us with his address.

The '*Castle of the Alps*' requires revision. There is a striking inconsistency in the first page.

If the author of an *answer to a Rebus* will revise it, and expunge all that part which is already familiar to the ears of our readers, we will insert his piece.

The author of *an Enigma* promises pieces of '*more consequence,*' *IF,* &c.—We should like first to see some of them.

The '*Exigent Bard*' is too defective in point of metre. We do not admire those halting lines which want a syllable in the middle.

The poetic effusions of *J. W.* of *R. T.* and of *A. S.* require revision and correction.

The poetic attempts of *R. C.* and *R. C...t..s,* we cannot insert.—That of *J. B. B.* might, with some further polish, be rendered fit for publication, as it contains some good *I-de-as*(*N. B.*)

To those two last mentioned correspondents, and to young poets in general, we recommend the perusal of some good treatise on *Versification,* that they may learn to avoid certain harsh violations of metre, calculated to shock and disgust at first sight.

'*The Seven Sisters*' and the '*Woodland Maid*' shall appear in our Magazine for January. As likewise

Hints for saving the lives of females whose *clothes are on fire.*

The communication from *W. King, Esq. Post-Office, Bath,* is received.

In the communications from *Cr. M.* just come to hand, there are several good passages; and we think the pieces merit revision previous to publication.

N.B. of some of them we do not clearly understand the connexion or separation.

'*Sappho*' is received.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE.

SUPPLEMENT, FOR 1810.

MEMOIRS OF MONTALBERT.

BY MARGARET B.

THIS packet, my dear friend, will not meet your eye till the writer is mingled with his parent earth, and for ever retired from the busy scenes of life. While you are perusing this short memoir, your friend, I hope and trust, will be enjoying immortal and unfading happiness. Already I anticipate the happy period, when my soul, free from her earthly load, shall soar to the mansions of bliss, and forget, in the bosom of her Creator, the woes she had endured upon earth.

You have often wondered, that, surrounded, as I was, with every human luxury and comfort, I so often appeared abstracted and unhappy.—My friend, could you have looked into my heart, you would not have wondered at my melancholy: you would only have been surprised that I could be so cheerful as I was at times.—If sometimes, in the course of the following short history, I write in terms flattering to myself, remember, as you read, that Montalbert is no more, and that, speaking, as I am, from the grave, vanity can have no share in my thoughts.

You will recollect, my friend, that, at my ardent solicitation, my father purchased for me a commission in the ***th regiment. Dear sainted parents! never shall I forget the look you gave, when, in the wildest joy, I presented myself before you, dressed in my regimentals, and my sword glittering in my hand.

Two months after I had obtained my commission, I received orders to join the regiment directly. I was then a boy of sixteen. Conceive, therefore, how aukward I felt on going among so many strangers. I was afraid even to move, lest I should commit some blunder.—The officers amused themselves at my expense; and, for the first six

months, I cursed the day that I ever thought of being a soldier: but, at the end of that time, I began to gather a little more courage, and ventured to parry, and sometimes retort, the sarcasms that were leveled at me.

I shall pass over the first four years of my military life, as they contain nothing at all interesting. In all that time, I had never visited my paternal home, nor seen either of my beloved parents. A recruiting order for my native place gave me inexpressible joy: I determined to surprise them unawares, and to present myself, without giving them the slightest intimation of my coming.

When I came within sight of Hilden, my heart throbbed, as if I had met with a long absent friend: every house, every tree, recalled to my mind some action of my boyish years. When I came to the corner of the wood that concealed Montalbert Lodge from my sight, I gave my horse to my servant, and, taking a bye path, I advanced towards the house. On my near approach, I was surprised to see most of the windows shattered, and still more astonished at the air of solitude which the place wore; not a single creature being to be seen about the house.

I instantly conjectured that my parents were from home, and cursed myself for a stupid blockhead, in not informing them of my coming. I ascended the steps that led to the house: the door was half open; I entered. Not a single sound did I hear, except the echo of my own foot-steps, as I trod the pavement of the marble hall.

When I came to the entrance of the passage that led to the bed-rooms, I thought I heard a heavy sob, as of a person in distress: I stopped, and listened; again I heard it repeated, and knew that the sound came from my mother's room:—I hastily went forward, and pushed open the door.

Merciful God! even yet I feel the agony of that dreadful moment! Yes, my friend, my eyes fell on the pale corse of my adored mother! — I stood motionless: every nerve seemed to burst in my body.

My father stood at the top of the bed, the image of silent despair: my two sisters were weeping by his side; and my little brother, sobbing as if his heart would break, stood with his hand clasped in that of his father.

Emma raised her eyes, and, uttering a cry of joy and grief, flew and clasped me in her arms. Never shall I forget my father's look at that moment. He pressed me to his sorrowing heart, and, silently leading me to the bed-side, raised the linen that covered the face of his sainted wife, and showed me her features, mild and lovely even in death.

I bent my head, and, with awe unmixed with terror, pressed my lips to the pallid lips of my mother. The touch was cold as ice; I felt it chill my heart! I took her cold hand: it was stiff, and lay like a stone in mine. Oh God! how unlike the warm affectionate pressure she gave me at parting!—I wept like a child. —Even now, though many long years have gone by, the tears trickle down my cheeks, and blot the paper on which I write.

I followed her loved reliques to the tomb, and saw for ever consigned to the earth the remains of

all that was noble, virtuous, and beautiful in woman.

I shall pass over the first five months after my never-to-be-forgotten mother's death. My father's grief was deep and inconsolable; but religion, and a sense of the duty which he owed to his children, enabled him to conquer it, at least in outward appearance, and to behave with some degree of composure.

My eldest sister was eighteen years old, my youngest sixteen, and my little brother seven, at the time when our mother died. Emma, the eldest, was a beautiful girl, of a pensive romantic turn of mind, which she increased by reading novels and romances. Her disposition was mild, gentle, and timid. Elinor was equally beautiful; but her beauty was cast in a quite different mould from that of Emma. She was gay and lively in the extreme—of a temper quick, ardent, and susceptible—keenly alive to the least mark of insult or neglect.

Elinor's grief was at first more of despair than sorrow; but, when the first burst was over, her youth and disposition soon restored her to her former gaiety.—Emma wept and bewailed her irreparable loss in secret: her sorrow was calm, but lasting; and, though she would join in the gay sports of her former companions, she would retire at times, and drop a tear to the memory of her lost parent.

My father's neighbourhood was very full; and he was universally beloved and respected. As soon, therefore, as decency would permit, innumerable visits and invitations were poured upon us. The first we accepted was from Sir George Colville, a gentleman much respected in the country. He was married to a daughter of Lord Archer—a woman of unbounded pride—by whom he had a family of four sons and four daughters. The sons were in the army, and the daughters at home with their parents, all marriageable, and come to good years of discretion.

My father did not go: but my sisters and I were set down at the superb mansion about five o'clock. There was a numerous company assembled; and Sir George and his lady were all politeness and attention. After the usual compliments were passed, I sat down by one of the Miss Colvilles, a petty, insignificant, pert girl, who worried me with questions about the delightful army.

While we were talking, the door opened, and Mrs. and Miss Colnbrook were announced. — Dear unfortunate Amelia! if thy meek, injured, forgiving spirit hovers near, witness the tears that now fall from my eyes, and the sighs of remorse and repentance that heave my breast, as I write thy never-to-be-forgotten name.

Amelia Colnbrook was one of nature's finest works: my eyes were fascinated as I beheld her enter. She was tall and graceful, but feminine in the extreme: in her face dwelt every charm that could captivate the heart of man. —I cannot, my friend, describe her to you: she was above description. Figure to yourself an angel of the purest form and face, with every quality that belongs to heaven; and then you behold what once was Amelia Colnbrook. She was dressed in slight mourning, which set off the brilliancy of her snowy skin: her pale auburn hair was simply fastened be-

hind with a pearl comb; and a necklace of the same received additional beauty from her peerless neck.

Miss Colnbrook and her mother seemed to be strangers, at least not intimately acquainted with any of the company.—Heavens! what were my feelings, when Lady Colville led in the beautiful Amelia, and introduced her to my sisters and myself! The lustre of her expressive, melting, blue eyes first taught me that I had a heart susceptible of love almost to idolatry.

She sat down beside Emma; and I soon perceived that they had congenial minds.

Dinner was announced: I flew to Amelia, and offered my hand. She accepted it with a modest grace: I trembled: I felt as if my heart would have burst through my side, as I touched her soft hand. She spoke little: but what she did speak, was full of sweetness and intelligence.

After dinner, I repaired as soon as possible to the drawing-room, and again seated myself by Amelia. Music was proposed: Miss Charlotte Colville sung remarkably well; and of that her mother was not ignorant. With a great deal of entreaty, Miss Charlotte was prevailed upon to sit down to the piano, though 'she was sure she could not sing a note—she had such a cold!'

'Well! give us the best you can,' said her worthy father, who could have wished that she had shown fewer airs upon the occasion.

I heard the sound of her voice; but that was all: I was too much occupied in gazing upon Amelia, to listen to or look at any other person.

My sisters sang and played a duet together; and Amelia was called upon next.

'Amelia is no singer,' said Mrs. Colnbrook: 'but I am sure she will try to oblige Lady Colville, since she has been so kind as to ask her.'—Amelia blushed, and allowed me to hand her to the instrument.

Miss Charlotte, with an intention that did not escape me, turned over the music till she came to a very beautiful, but very difficult, song. She was disappointed: Amelia's voice was harmony itself. I stood rapt in Elysium, I hung enraptured on her melodious strains. Worlds would I have given, had they been in my power, to have clasped her to my bosom, and pressed her rich red lips to mine.

Amelia Colnbrook was in my thoughts, day and night. Emma conceived a warm friendship for her: seldom a day passed that I did not see Amelia at the lodge or at her mother's. I was always ready to escort Emma when she went to Hilden; and many a laugh had the lively Elinor at my expense. I never yet had disclosed my passion to Amelia, though I had often gone with the intention of doing it; but my resolution failed me, whenever I came into her presence. I feared that I might have a rival, or that I might be indifferent to her. A thousand things I conjectured; for I had not the vanity to think for one moment that I was worthy of the all-perfect, all-beauteous Amelia Colnbrook.

One beautiful morning, Amelia came to spend the day with Emma. I was sitting with them, when the servant brought me a letter, which required an imme-

diate answer—'While you are writing,' said Emma, 'we shall walk to the shrubbery: you will know where to find us: we sha'n't quit it.'

I finished my writing as soon as possible, and hasted to the shrubbery. I had not walked far, till I met the two friends, arm in arm. How beautiful did they both look! they might have been taken for wood-nymphs—so lovely, so light, so graceful did they appear. 'Tis long since they have both been in their graves: yet every gesture, every look, every word, I remember, as if it were but yesterday.

(*To be continued.*)

PEG-TANKARDS.

THE nature and use of those curious tankards (of which a few are still to be found in Derbyshire) are thus described in Pegge's '*Anonymiana.*'

They have in the inside a row of eight pins one above another, from top to bottom; the tankards hold two quarts, so that there is a gill of ale, i. e. half a pint of Winchester measure, between each pin. The first person that drank was to empty the tankard to the first peg, or pin; the second was to empty to the next pin, &c. by which means the pins were so many measures to the compotators, *making them all drink alike*, or the same quantity; and as the distance of the pins was such as to contain a large draught of liquor, *the company would be very liable by this method to get drunk*, especially when, if they drank short of the pin, or beyond it, they were obliged to drink again. In Archbishop Anselm's canons, made in the council at London, in 1102, priests are enjoined not to go to drinking bouts, nor to drink to pegs.

ASCENT to the SIERRA NEVADA, or SNOWY MOUNTAIN, near GRANADA.

(*From Semple's 'Second Journey in Spain.*)

WE rose by dawn of day. The morning was charming, but my companions were shivering with cold, although not exceeding that often experienced in England on a fine morning in autumn. As soon as the shadow of the peak became visible on the snow to the westward, we set out. The deep chasm or valley on our right led directly to the bottom of the peak: but other chasms from the heights on our left, opening into this principal one, intersected our path at every interval of five or six hundred yards, and occasioned us infinite trouble in passing them. By degrees the sides and bottoms of these chasms became covered with snow, fragments of broken ice, and rocks smooth with the dew frozen on their surface, to which the sun had not yet reached. At length we arrived where all traces of vegetation were lost and buried beneath the snow, which extended in every direction to the summit of the peak. Here my guide, fatigued and alarmed, would proceed no further, but pointed out some broken rocks on the left, called the Heights of St. Francisco, at the foot of which he promised to watch my progress,

and await my return. I ascended now alone, more cautiously and slowly, along the summit of a ridge which appeared to terminate at the bottom of the very highest part of the peak. Sometimes the surface of the snow was softened, and I sunk up to the mid-leg, not without occasional apprehensions, until I found myself uniformly stopped by a frozen bank beneath. At other times my progress was along so slippery a surface, that I proceeded with the utmost difficulty, being frequently obliged to break small holes with my stick, and crawl upon my hands and knees. In this manner, however, I surmounted all the neighbouring peaks and ridges of mountains—an elevation, of which I was made fully sensible by the sudden change of the atmosphere. Bathed as I was in perspiration, an extremely cold wind all at once blew upon me, and caused an instant chill over my whole frame, the effects of which I felt long afterwards. But the sight of the highest peak, to which I was now so near, inspired me with fresh courage, and after great exertions I arrived to within two hundred yards at furthest of perpendicular height from the summit. Here all further progress became impossible. I had now got to the end of the ridge on which I had proceeded so long, and nearly to its junction with the highest part of the peak, which rose before me exceedingly steep, and entirely covered with frozen snow. I endeavoured to make holes with my stick, and to ascend in a slanting direction; but, having proceeded twenty or thirty paces, and stopping to take breath, on casting my eyes downwards, I was not a little alarmed to find, that, from the moment of leaving the summit of the ridge, I had incurred the danger of slipping down into a tremendous valley on one side of it. I almost turned giddy with the sight. The pieces of frozen snow, which I had broken off, slid down with astonishing rapidity, and clearly showed me what my fate must be, should I make a single false step. Having stopped a few minutes to recover myself, and become familiarised with the sight of the deep valley of ice, I retraced my footsteps, and never felt more thankful than when I regained the summit of the ridge. I was not before aware that in so short a distance I could have incurred so great a danger. From this point I was fain to content myself with the views of the surrounding mountains, which appeared everywhere tossed in great confusion, although all apparently connected with, or branching from, the high mountain on which I stood. It did not appear possible, even if provided with proper instruments, to group them under any form, so strangely did they intersect each other. Towards the east, the view was intercepted by the peak and its slope in that direction: but, on every other side, it was a stormy sea of mountains.—I was able clearly to distinguish the mountains which separate the province of Granada from that of Andalusia, those towards the northern parts of Murcia, the Sierra of Malaga, and the mountains towards Gibraltar. On some of these ridges immense white clouds rested, as if immovable; on others dark storms appeared to be brooding, whilst some were in a blaze of sunshine from their bare and stony summits to where they mingled with the plains.

THE CASTLE OF ALMEYDA.

> 'But few usurpers to the shades descend,
> By a dry death, or with a quiet end.'
> DRYDEN.

THE health of Valmont appeared declining; deeply absolved in thought, he listened with a careless and divided attention to the charms of his daughter's conversation: frequently half sentences escaped him, as, "Why, oh! why is he possessed of every virtue?..... but then my child!"

Cecile was frequently left to solitude and to her own reflections. While her father was one day, after dinner, taking his accustomed repose, wearied with occupations at her needle, Cecile attempted to finish a piece of drawing; but a kind of drowsiness coming over her, owing to the heat of the day, she arose to walk: a thunder-shower falling, prevented her from going into the grounds; and the thought struck her, that she would ramble through the different apartments of the castle, till she should find the way to that room which her father appeared so distressed on passing, before he led her to the chapel to take her vow [never to marry a Portuguese], and where Marian's imagination had conjured up the skeleton.

She bent her steps towards the chapel; and she perceived, by the outward building, that it was joined to, and most probably had a communication with, the other part of the castle: she drew back the bolts of the door, and entered, shuddering at the sight of the urn, whereon she had breathed the sacred promise to her father.

She could perceive no door nor entrance into the interior: at length, a heavy grating, at the farther end, met her eye, totally impossible for her to unclose; beyond it was a door, apparently of iron. This was the only outlet, except the door through which she had entered. She returned to the castle, and thought she would take one look, by the bright light of day, at the state chamber.

She fancied she discovered there one piece of tapestry very different from the rest, and which appeared to hang loose: she lifted it up, and discovered a door half open; she entered a small dark passage; but resolving to go forward, she did not hesitate, and opened another door, which led into a desolate and wretched chamber. A heavy chain and massy padlock fastened another door on the inside, and thick-barred, iron-grated windows admitted awful and obscured beams of light.

She went on in silent astonishment; and, chilled with terror, she observed a figure, whose starting bones the skin scarcely covered: it's face, which bore every appearance of death hastened by famine, was not yet void of expression and character: it appeared to fix a mournful and supplicating look towards the door; but, as Cecile gazed on it, it continued immoveable: she ventured to approach it, and found it, indeed, a master-piece of art, composed of marble: every sinew, from which the thin covering of flesh seemed to shrink, was delineated by the hand of the skilful statuary: her eyes then rested on a pedestal, on which was engraved, in antient French, the following words:

'In this solitary prison Alphonso Periando, Count of Almeyda, was starved to death. O thou, his lawful heir, if ever thou beholdest this sad testimony of his

tragical exit, leave vengeance to heaven! but beware of allying thy offspring with any of the perfidious race, who now triumph in usurpation of the rights of Almeyda! O ye presumptive possessors of Alphonso's lost dignity, tremble at the retrospect of your ancestor's crimes, and spare, O spare Periando's child, his beloved Cecile, and her virtuous and faithful husband, her Valmont!'

Cecile, extremely agitated, sunk down beside the affecting image of the wretched Don Alphonso; when the approach of gentle footsteps roused her from her reverie. She essayed to rise, but the hand of her father gently pressing hers, compelled her to resume her situation on the rude bench which stood near the statue; and, 'Oh, my child!' said he, 'how came you in this dreadful place?'

'Pardon me, father!' replied she, 'the curiosity that impelled me on perceiving the first door that led to this apartment half open, and which urged me to proceed.'

'I visit these apartments,' replied Valmont, 'daily!—Would to heaven my worthy and intentional benefactor, though the innocent usurper of mine and thy rights, was not so amiable, so truly possessed of every virtue!'

'Your rights and mine!' repeated Cecile; 'Oh, tell me all, while I listen in silent wonder.'

'Know then,' said Valmont, 'that I alone am the lawful Count d'Almeyda; that the injured saint before you represents your great grandfather; who had liberty to bequeath this castle, and the rich estates which Ambrosio now holds, to any male he pleased, provided he had no son: he had no child, my Cecile, but her who was your very image, and who was my honored, my beloved mother, after whom you were baptised. Don Alphonso, whose famished resemblance is now before us, adopted for his male heir a young Frenchman, between whom and my mother was an indissoluble tie of hearts: and a strange coincidence of circumstances it was to Valmont, that the true owner of this castle was obliged for saving his life, when once in imminent danger; and you have often heard me tell, how I once saved Don Ambrosio, at a time I little imagined he was the usurper of my possessions.

'Periando's wife being dead, and he having no prospect of a future heir, he adopted Valmont; and my mother and the youth being so firmly attached, the count willingly consented to their union; and thus the Almeyda title and estates were supposed to be ensured to his family.

'Wealth and title will urge the vitious to attempt the blackest crimes. We sometimes see in the human race such astonishing resemblances, though of quite different families, that strangers are almost persuaded of their relationship: so it was between an officer belonging to the same regiment with my grandfather and himself: they were so very much alike, that they were frequently mistaken for each other; and scandal was busy with Don Alphonso's father, as the man was of obscure birth: this reached the officer's ears, and he began to fancy, he might in reality be the spurious child of old Periando, and, according to the law of nature, equally intitled to his wealth with Don Alphonso; at any rate, his resemblance to the family made him resolve to

obtain it, and which he knew he could easily effect. By the most brutal force, in the dead of night, aided by a ruffian of giant-like strength, he dragged my grandfather into this apartment, chained him hands and feet, and he was here literally starved to death. The next morning, dressed in Alphonso's clothes, he presented himself, unsuspected, as the true Periando; he had made himself master of not only every family transaction, but faithfully copied all the manners and peculiarities of my grandfather. In the mean time, he took care to declare, with well-feigned sorrow, that he had lost the valued officer who so much resembled him, he having been torn to pieces in a forest by a wild beast.

'Nature is quick-sighted; my mother could not be deceived. Valmont knew, and proclaimed the impostor: the deluded vassals were taught to believe him mad, and he was close confined to one apartment in the castle, while the *soi-disant* count quitted it with his whole household, for a castle belonging to the Almeydas, and situated in Oporto. The murder of my mother was then planned, who obstinately refused to be torn from her husband: they were put together in a room in this castle, which is situated very far from this apartment: it is the very chamber, my child, in which you sleep. The starving Don Alphonso, and this wretched bride and bridegroom, were then the only three inmates of the castle; and since that time it has never been inhabited, till I came to take possession of it: but what a possession! none of it's wealthy appendages which the lawless inheritor alone possesses.

'The confessor of my grandfather, a young monk, named Anselmo, had been confined for some time by sickness: he came to the castle to perform his spiritual duties, and, astonished to find it thus deserted, he accidentally walked to the apartment where was confined the pretended maniac Valmont, who instantly told him all that had happened. The good priest soon saw through the black design; and took his leave, determining to leave nothing undone that might lead to it's detection. As he passed the first flight of stairs, a paper, laid on the balustrade, arrested his attention: it contained the following lines:—'Valmont is accused by Don Alphonso Periando of heresy, and will shortly be dragged before the inquisition—he has tainted the religious principles of his wife, and her father casts her from his heart for ever. I am a monster—a ruffian that murders for hire—parental feeling wishes her not to groan under the torments of the inquisitorial executioner, but that she may be dispatched in haste. If flight is possible, fly to France, where no inquisition is allowed to exist. The angelic innocence and beauty of Donna Cecile softens the hearts of the murderer; if in three days she is here, these hands must be imbrued in her blood.'

'Here the art of the usurper shone conspicuous: he had deceived even the assassin into a belief, that he was the true Alphonso, who, in reality, was possessed of the most bigoted principles, and held that part of the Scripture in it's most perverted sense, which says: *he who loves father or mother, &c. more than me, is not worthy of me.* Anselmo, after reading this alarming billet, hastened back to my un-

happy father and mother. Flight was now their only refuge, and Anselmo prepared every thing to accelerate it that evening: promising soon to join them, but not paring to accompany them for fear of suspicion.

'Valmont, my paternal grandfather, had paid the debt of nature: he had left wealth enough to render my father and Donna Cecile easy and affluent. The name of Valmont is not uncommon in France, and it was not necessary for him to change his name. In a few months after my parents' arrival in France, I was born. I discovered, as I grew up, an ardent and martial spirit. I had no idea that I was any other person than the Baron de Valmont, a title I have long laid aside. My father and mother were often engaged in mysterious closetings and long private conferences; often receiving letters from Italy, which they were careful to conceal from me.

'A skilful artist coming into France, my father had a picture in miniature taken of my beautiful mother, then in her prime of life, but faded from sorrow: it was taken in a peculiar attitude, in mourning, which she had suddenly put on some days before; beside her stood a coffin, in which lay a skeleton: but here,' continued Valmont, taking the gold box from his pocket, 'is the portrait. After my mother's death, my father had these words worked in her hair.

"When my mother died, life and all it's busy avocations became irksome to my father: before his death, he gave into my hands a parcel of letters, sent him from Italy from a monk named Anselmo; and charged me not to pry into them till I had attained the age of fifty. "At that period of life," said he, "the passions bow their romantic force to the cool and sober dictates of reason; at least they ought to do so; and all enthusiastic ardor in this affair would only ruin your fortune, endanger your life, and could be of no avail to you, since the testimony of this holy father alone could not aid you: besides, it is now several years since I have ceased to hear any thing of him."

'A parent's dying injunction had it's full force; after he expired, I laid by the papers, and the alarming situation of my country banished all thoughts from my mind, but those which had military achievements for their object. Edward the Third, and his heroic son, reared their conquering banners over desolated France, and I followed the Black Prince in the train of the captive King John to England: there I saw, loved, and wedded your mother.

'I had the happiness one evening to save the life of the bountiful Ambrosio, the owner of Almeyda's wealth and titles: worth, virtue, and magnanimity form the basis of his character. Soon after that event, when I had attained the age of forty-eight, I lost your mother. Sickness, together with defraying some debts she had contracted, reduced me, when verging on fifty, to almost a state of indigence: and now I thought of Ambrosio's proposals; for I found my society neglected, though once eagerly sought after. I resolved then to quit my country for Portugal. My fiftieth birth-day arrived. Unheedingly, I took up the letters of Father Anselmo, with careless listlessness. Heavens! what a scene of iniquity

did they unfold; and which my parents wisely had kept me in ignorance of. In these letters was accounted for the melancholy figure you see before you.

'When Father Anselmo found the castle totally abandoned, he traversed every apartment: when he arrived at the door of this, he heard a faint groan — it was the door at which you entered — the materials were slight enough for him to burst it open, then in young athletic strength. The haggard dreadful form of Don Alphonso met his eye, as you now behold it: some sense remained; but to recal life was vain, and he expired in the arms of Anselmo, who ran and made his report to the officers of justice. But the *false* Don Alphonso stood before them, and, with hypocritical supplications, entreated their pardon; declaring, that he was ready to suffer any punishment they might choose to inflict, for his having dared to take the law into his own hands: it was a servant of his, he said, once a favorite, who had been guilty of murder, and, to screen him from an ignominious and torturing death, he had punished him himself.

"Say no more, Don Alphonso," said the judge; "we know you well, and are convinced of your veracity: you have undoubted right over your own vassals, to punish them as you think fit: as for you, young man, go and mind the spiritual concerns of the laity; but dare not, from your impertinent curiosity, to stigmatise the characters of our virtuous nobility."

'Anselmo was a poor young religious, and what could he do against despotic power, still at this time even so much invested in the Portuguese grandees. He departed again to Almeyda, revolving over and over in his mind how he should act. Conscience kept the usurper from this castle, which he declared was getting too ruinous to be inhabited. It really was extremely antient: he remained therefore either at Oporto, or at a villa many leagues distant. Thus Anselmo had free ingress to the castle whenever he pleased.

'He gathered up the poor shattered remains of Don Alphonso, interred them with his own hands in the chapel, and over them, shortly after, erected the urn under which you knelt, when you took a vow, I hope no power on earth will tempt you to violate.' Cecile blushed and trembled, and her father continued. 'Anselmo excelled in all the fine arts; in sculpture he was peculiarly eminent, and he made a statue and memorial from the dreadful object which was ever present to his memory, and gave to his countenance that heart-rending look of expectancy, which glances towards the opening door.' Cecile sunk on the lean arm of the statue, and burst into tears. 'My dear child,' said Valmont, 'his sufferings have long ceased: listen now to the conclusion of what so much interests me.

'The superiors of the monastery began to look on Anselmo with a jealous eye; they thought him inquisitive and troublesome; this hastened the scheme which had for some time possessed his thoughts. He imagined that, by a seclusion in an Italian monastery for a few years, he might, by the change in his person, venture to Oporto, where he was not known, under another name, and perhaps get appointed confessor

to the family of the Almeydas: for, when death comes in petrifying horror to the sinner, he is induced to unbosom his loaded conscience. Anselmo, however, thought he could but try: so dearly, so faithfully was he attached to the interests of the true heirs of Almeyda, that he resolved to leave no plan untried to invest them with their lost dignity. The usurper had married a noble lady of Portugal, and by her he had Sebastian Ambrosio, the father of the present Don Ambrosio.

'Anselmo never had the small-pox. After his arrival in Italy, he carefully haunted every place where that ravaging disorder was most infectious; he caught it, after some unavailing risks he had ran, and became by it so scarred, so completely disfigured, that he could not be known. His great sufferings, and the dread of his disease, obtained him his dismission from the monastery; and, after living three years as one of the laity, he repaired to Portugal under a borrowed name, and entered into a religious society at Oporto, which since established itself into a monastery, of which he became one of the superiors.

'The false Don Alphonso lived to a great age: he gave alms; he regularly attended to his religious duties; he was kind to his family and his vassals; he brought up his son to love and cherish virtue; and his name became honored throughout the whole kingdom of Portugal: he lived to see his grandson, the present Don Ambrosio.

'On his death-bed, conscience assailed him with the keenest pangs; and yet he could not bring himself to part with his darling and ill-gotten power. Last autumn, I was sent for to a monastery at Oporto, where an aged superior wished to see me, who lay at the point of death: this was Anselmo, who was upwards of ninety years of age. In me, he expected to behold my father; for he had heard, by accident, that a French gentleman, named Valmont, lived at the castle of Almeyda. His senses were perfect, and he had strength left to tell me the particulars of the pretended Don Alphonso's death, which he should have sent me in writing, had he not feared interceptions: he accounted for his long silence from not having obtained answers to frequent letters he had sent during my stay in England; and so many having fallen in France under the sword of the victorious Edward, he judged my father had been among the number. When he was summoned to receive the usurper's last confession, he wished Anselmo to swear, on his knees, inviolable secresy. He answered him, that he well knew confessions were never disclosed unless permitted. But this would not suffice: "No evasions," said the dying man; "I will order another priest to attend me." Anselmo dreaded lest one less conscientious might attend him, and said, "Let your confession be written — seal it in my presence—let me conceal it wherever you may appoint, and, this done, I will give you absolution." This deception pleased the wretch, yet so devoted to earthly fame — the confessions were drawn up and sealed — "Swear," said he, "no power on earth shall tempt you to break the seal." The priest took the oath. — "Now," said the false Almeyda, "deposit it where you please, but tell no one the

secret corner in which it may be concealed." This, Anselmo's oath to a dying sinner, he could not break; but told me I might search this castle, as it was hid in a recess here. "Providence," said the good man, "will now, I hope, put you in possession of your just rights — I die content." In a few minutes after he expired.

'For several months I sought in vain, but could find no private recess; when a thought struck me, that, as the alcove bedsteads are moveable, perhaps a recess might be at the back of your bed, which is the only one of it's kind in the castle. I found one person could not move it, and I was obliged to engage to my assistance the mother of Marian, who died here last winter. I discovered a green silk curtain; I drew it on one side, and beheld a sweet picture of my angelic mother, as I recollect her when I was a boy. This was undoubtedly the work of that excellent artist Anselmo. She was in a charming, becoming dress, which I used to delight in seeing her wear. She was depicted pointing towards the wainscoat. "Oh, sir!" said the old woman, "do not let that sweet picture hang there, out of sight." I made her promise secresy, and that she would never suffer that bed to be moved without my express orders; for here I thought I had found the object of my anxious search, and I was in the right.

'I took down the picture; behind it was a small opening, and there still lie the papers, sealed with the arms of Almeyda, which seal I will never break but in the presence of Ambrosio. My last journey to Oporto was to see him; but he has gone to take his favorite amusement of traveling. I am told, he is rather in a melancholy way, and that his voyages do not amuse him as formerly. I have consulted an eminent doctor of the law; he has read the letters of Anselmo. My claims, he says, must be just; and that he has often heard his father speak of Don Alphonso, whose person he was well acquainted with, and that he used to say, that he could never be deceived by the resemblance of his officer to him.

'Come, my child,' added he to the attentive Cecile, 'we will go to supper. I am in daily expectation of Ambrosio, and the two priests who were present at the testimony of the dying Anselmo, and which they took down in writing, will be here to-morrow morning. I find my health decaying fast, and I fear to leave thee unprovided for: thy testimony, when I am no more, young, helpless, and friendless as thou then wilt be, will be little regarded.'

The priests arrived at an early hour next morning, and about noon the elegant Ambrosio: his eyes shone with love and delight, when he addressed the trembling Cecile, who, pale and spiritless, could scarce prevent herself from fainting when she beheld in the graceful and manly form before her, her admired incognito: 'Oh, Portugal,' thought she, 'why were you blessed in his birth!' And he, the innocent usurper of her father's rights! — Oh, how gladly, how cheerfully would she have embraced poverty for her own portion to support him in afflu-

ence, and in that state he seemed formed to adorn. Her father esteemed him, he loved him for his virtues. Oh, surely, he would be contented with a little, and leave the worthy possessor yet master of Almeyda.

So reasoned the sweet Cecile. But the degraded honor of Valmont's wife's ancestors must be retrieved: the murdered father of his beloved mother must be avenged; yet, dearly did he love Ambrosio; and never was business of such a kind transacted before. The hand-writing of Ambrosio's grandfather in his confessions, was so well known to him, that there needed no other of those strong corroborating circumstances, which so clearly evinced the rights of Valmont. One of the aged priests took upon him to make a proposal.

'My children,' said he, 'unite your claims. Let me join the hand of your daughter with that of Ambrosio in marriage.' Cecile gave a shriek and fainted in her father's arms.

'Oh, rash! oh, fatal vow!' cried Valmont: 'Oh, why, when I knew that worth like thine dwelt in the bosom of a Portuguese, did I urge her to take it! It is past! It cannot be recalled! and, when she solemnly vowed never to wed one of thy country, little did I think Ambrosio would ever be proposed to her.'

'Don Henrique d'Almeyda,' said Ambrosio, with dignity, 'hear me: I have long, unknown, loved your daughter, have followed her footsteps in various disguises, and gratified my ardent eyes in contemplating her lovely person. My passion, pure as angelic love ought to be, harboured not a thought towards her dishonor: but the pride of birth, to which I find I had no right, made me endeavour to conquer an inclination which urged me to form an unequal alliance: now, innate pride, and rectitude of mind, shall never make me abject in the eyes of the world. I scorn to wed the lovely Cecile when deprived of my dignities, and thus appear the sordid wretch who could not give up Almeyda, which, though I enjoyed an innocent usurper of, I will never inhabit or possess while the rightful owner lives.'

Cecile had recovered before Ambrosio spoke: in silent agony she heard him disclose his passion, and her looks but too well evinced the deep interest he held in her bosom. Valmont entreated him still to retain his castle at Oporto, and accept a part of his wealth; but Ambrosio told him, that his grandmother had left him a small independency, with which he should retire to a monastery, and take the vows, being disappointed in a love the most ardent and refined: this promise he religiously kept, and ended his days in religious seclusion.

Cecile soon fell into a deep and rapid decline; and her aged and lamenting father lived to witness the loss of his only child: he survived her but a few months, leaving all his wealth to the monastery of which Anselmo had become a member; and the proud castle of Almeyda soon sunk by the all-subduing destroyer Time into a confused mass of mingled ruins.

A DEFENCE OF WOMEN.

Written A. D. 1726.

Translated from the Spanish of Geronymo Feijoo;

BY ELENIR IRWIN.

[*Continued from* p. 547.]

CHAP. VIII.

AFTER the enumeration I have given of illustrious women, it remains for me to add something on the subject upon which men are most vehement in accusation, and women least eminent for excellence; I mean their observance of secrecy. Cato the Censor admits no exception in their favor, and condemns, as one of the greatest errors a man can commit, the confiding a secret to any woman whatsoever.

And yet this doctrine of Cato was confuted by his descendent *Portia*, the daughter of Cato the younger, and wife of Marcus Brutus, who won her husband to intrust her with a knowledge of the conspiracy against Cæsar, by the extraordinary proof she gave him of her courage and her constancy in burying a dagger in her thigh.

Pliny says, in the name of the Magi, that if a heart of wax be applied to the bosom of a sleeping woman, it will cause her to reveal her inmost thoughts; and, in another place, he ascribes this efficacy to a waxen tongue. But it does not seem that women are too facile in opening their minds, when magic is reduced to seek, among the mysteries of fancy, for keys with which to penetrate the recesses of their hearts. But we will laugh with Pliny at this invention, and acknowledge that very few women are to be found capable of secrecy. In return, the most able politicians will confess how rarely they meet with men who can be intrusted with secrets of importance. In truth, if this quality were not extremely scarce, it would not be held in such high estimation by princes, that they hardly consider any other as equally valuable. But examples are not wanting, among women, of invincible resolution in the care of a secret. Pythagoras, being near his death, committed all his writings, which contained the most recondite mysteries of his philosophy, to the learned *Damo*, his daughter, with an injunction never to make them public. This command she obeyed so implicitly, that, finding herself reduced to the utmost poverty, and being aware that she might have sold those volumes for an immense sum, she preferred remaining faithful to the trust of her father, at the price of encountering the miseries of indigence. The magnanimous *Aretaphila*, of whom I have already spoken, having sought to destroy her husband Nicocrates by a poisoned beverage, was discovered before she had effected her purpose, and tortured to make her reveal all that remained to be known. The elevation of her mind, however, prevented any corporeal anguish from obtaining influence over her heart, or the direction of her speech; and, in the height of her torments, she not only concealed her real intentions, but had address enough to persuade the tyrant that the potion she had prepared for him, was an amorous

philtre, composed in order to increase his love for her. This ingenious fiction had more efficacy than a philtre could have possessed; as Nicocrates was afterwards more attached to her than ever, believing that she, who had desired from him such excessive affection, must continue to love him notwithstanding her sufferings.

In the conspiracy excited by Aristogiton against Hippias, the tyrant of Athens, a courtesan, who was in the confidence of the conspirators, was brought to the torture; when, to prevent the possibility of her betraying them to the tyrant, she bit off her tongue in his presence.

At the first appearance of Piso's insurrection against Nero, the most illustrious citizens of Rome were condemned to tortures, which extorted from Lucan a denunciation of his own mother, and from others the accusation of their dearest friends. *Epicharis* alone, a woman of ordinary rank, who was informed of the whole plot, neither yielded to scourging, nor to fire, nor to other torments, the slightest intimation of the secrets concealed within her breast.

And I have seen one woman, who, being put to the question respecting an atrocious crime which her foster parents had committed, endured the trial of this rigorous examination, not to save herself, but to shield her nurse from punishment; since her own part in the transaction had been so venial, both from her having been persuaded to perform it, and her being unacquainted with it's tendency, and from other extenuating circumstances, that no subsequent castigation could have been inflicted on her, equivalent to the severity of the torture.

In short, the examples are infinite, of women whose secrecy has not been shaken by severity of suffering. I heard from a person who had been present at many examinations, that, although they frequently confessed to avoid the mortification of baring their shoulders to the executioner, yet it very rarely happened that such women as had submitted to this violation of their delicacy, afterwards yielded to the anguish of the scourges.—How great a eulogium of their sex is this—that they should be more influenced by their own modesty, than by all the tortures which a ruffian can inflict! I doubt not that to some readers the parallel which I have drawn between men and women will appear adulatory; but I shall retort upon them, that Seneca, whose stoicism bowed to nothing, and whose dignity admits not the suspicion of flattery, made a comparison not less favorable to the claims of women; since he constitutes them thereby absolutely equal with men in all the estimable inherent faculties or dispositions.

These are his words:—

'Quis autem dicat naturam malignè cum muliebribus ingeniis egisse, et virtutes illarum in arctum retraxisse? Par illis, mihi crede, vigor, par ad honesta (libeat) facultas est. Laborem, doloremque ex æquo, si consuevere, patiuntur.'—*In Consol. ad Marciam.*

CHAP. IX.

I come now to the great point of contention, which is the question of understanding, and in which I confess, that, if reason do not help me out, I expect little

succour from authorities; since the authors who treat this subject, if we except here and there one, are so much influenced in favor of the prevalent opinion, that they seem almost uniformly to speak with contempt of the female understanding.

It is true, I might repeat to these authors the allegory which the Sicilian Carducio introduced on another occasion in his dialogues on painting.

'A man and a lion were walking together, and began to discuss the merits of their respective species—the one deciding in favor of the human race, and the other preponderating for the feline families. At last they arrived before an aqueduct of magnificent structure, in the cornice of which the man perceived a sculptured lion, and a human figure setting his foot in triumph on the lion's neck. The man turned exultingly to his companion, and, thinking he had discovered a conclusive argument against him, exclaimed, 'Thou mayest now be undeceived, and learn that men are more valiant than lions; since thou seest here a lion yielding his life under the arm of a man.'—'That is a fine sort of reasoning,' replied the lion with a grin: 'but that statue was made by another man; and therefore it is not wonderful that he should have disposed it to the honor of his own species. I assure thee, that, if a lion had been the sculptor, he would have turned the tables, and placed the lion over the man, making a hash of him for his own dinner.'

To apply this fable—*Men* were the writers of those books in which the understanding of women is stigmatised as inferior to ours. If *women* had penned them, we ourselves might have been brought low. And one woman has even attempted this undertaking. *Lucretia Marinella*, an accomplished Venetian, among other books, composed one with the following title:—'A Contrast between the Excellencies of Women, and the Vices and Faults of Men;' and the whole tenor of the work was to prove the advantages of her sex over ours. That learned Jesuit, John of Carthagena, says, that he saw this composition, and perused it with much pleasure at Rome; and I have also seen it in the royal library at Madrid. But the truth is, that, in this cause, neither they nor we can be judges, because we are parties; so that we must finally refer it to the angels, who, as they are of no sex, will show partiality to neither.

The first class of opponents who degrade the understanding of women to the level of instinct, are unworthy of being admitted into the dispute. Such are those who pretend that the utmost stretch of female capacity is the regulation of a chicken-coop. Such was the prelate, quoted by Don Francisco Manuel, in his 'Letter and Guide to Husbands;' who said that the woman who knew most, knew how to arrange a box of clean linen: and, how respectable soever the authors of such sentences may be on other accounts, they will not add to their reputation by similar doctrines; since the most favorable interpretation they admit, is that of receiving them as facetious hyperboles. It is a known fact that there have been women who were able to govern and regulate religious com-

munities, and also women who could govern and regulate whole republics.

These discourses originate with men of superficial powers. They see that women in general understand little more than the domestic offices to which they are destined; and hence they infer that they are incapable of other undertakings. But the most shallow-sighted logician knows that the want of action does not afford sufficient premisses to infer a deficiency of capability. No faculty improves so much as that which we exercise most; but it were a solecism to infer from this that our ability extends no further than our application. If, as Sir Thomas More supposes in his Utopia, all men devoted themselves to agriculture, in such a measure that they could learn nothing else, would this be a ground on which to argue that they were *fit* for nothing else?—Among the Druci, a people of Palestine, the women are the only depositaries of learning, since they almost all know how to read and write; and whatever literature is found among those people, is indebted to them for it's cultivation; while the men dedicate themselves exclusively to agriculture, war, and commerce. If the same customs prevailed throughout the world, women would certainly consider us as incapable of literary attainments, by the same rule that we now undervalue their capacities; and, as such a judgement would undoubtedly be erroneous, so is that which at present obtains among us, since it proceeds on the same foundation.

CHAP. X.

Father Malebranche, in his 'Art of investigating Truth,' proceeds upon the principle I have just been examining, although he does not display the same asperity as it's other followers.

He concedes to women a signal advantage over men in the faculty of discriminating sensible objects, but ranks them much lower with respect to abstract ideas: he gives, as a reason for this, the softness of their brain, which is one of those physical attributes which every one interprets in his own way, according to his own experience or belief of their effects: and, the case standing thus, Malebranche falls into the same error of which all the world require to be cured—an error, occasioned by general pre-possessions and ill-digested principles; since he forms the opinion I have quoted either from allowing himself to be biassed by the multitude, or from observing that women of talent conversed with more readiness upon sensible objects than upon abstract subjects. But this difference proceeds not from inequality of powers, but from diversity of habits and application.

The thoughts and attention of women are directed more than those of men, to the arrangement of the table, the embellishment of their mansions, the ornaments of dress, and other concerns of the same nature; and therefore they converse upon them with more *tact* and fluency. On the contrary, few women think (and those few think but seldom) on theoretical questions, or abstruse disquisitions; and therefore it is not wonderful that they should be found slow of comprehension, when examined on such subjects.

For a further elucidation of this matter, we may observe that those women of fastidious fancy and lively genius, who find pleasure in discussing the delight of Platonic attachment, when they begin to reason on the subject, leave behind them the most ingenious man who has not devoted himself to analysing this system of a whimsical imagination. Generally speaking, all persons, however high their intellect, appear aukward and powerless in matters to which they have not applied or been accustomed. The agriculturist, whom God had gifted with a mind of the greatest ingenuity, if he had never attended to any thing but ploughing and reaping, would appear very inferior to the most paltry politician, as soon as he attempted to reason on affairs of state. And the most sagacious politician, if he were merely such, would make a hundred blunders, when he began to talk of battles, and the arrangement of military plans; and, if he had a man well versed in tactics for his auditor, he might perchance pass for a fool; as was the case with the great Asiatic orator, when he began to comment upon the progress of the war, in the presence of Hannibal and Antiochus.

Precisely the same occurs in our days. A woman of the finest understanding, being still confined to her own house, has her mind incessantly occupied with domestic arrangements, which allow her no leisure to listen with attention, if, by chance, subjects of a higher sphere are discussed before her: while her husband, perhaps possessing very inferior talents, goes abroad frequently, associating with learned priests, sometimes with able politicians, and acquiring, by such intercourse, an acquaintance with public affairs, and much important information.

Thus instructed, if he sometimes speak with his wife on the topics which he has thus learned to understand, and she should utter whatever occurs to her at the moment, notwithstanding her greater natural powers, being destitute of all documents, it is almost certain that she will speak erroneously; and then her husband, and others, if others hear her, are ready to conclude that she is fit only

> 'To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer.'

That which happens to this woman happens to many others, who, although possessed of capacities superior to the generality of men, are considered as incapable of abstruse discussion, because the suppression or the fallacy of their decision does not depend on their want of talents, but their penury of intelligence, without which, not even an angelic understanding could succeed. And thus it happens that so many men of inferior parts triumph over them, and eclipse them with borrowed light.

Besides this advantage, men have another of great moment, in being more accustomed to meditate, to argue and to reason, on such matters; whereas women very seldom think upon them; insomuch, that, when the occasion calls for it, the discourses of men are chiefly premeditated, and those of women extemporary.

Again, men, by reciprocity of communication, become acquainted with the ideas of others; and

thus, when they argue, they obtain applause, not only for their own sentiments, but for those which they borrow from others; and therefore, in the mouth of one man, the wisdom of many is sometimes to be found. But, as women, in their intercourse with each other, do not confer on sublime speculations, but on their needle-work and other domestic amusements, they give each other no assistance beyond these; and therefore, when they happen to engage in conversation of a higher tone, they not only speak without premeditation, but each one merely from the suggestions of her own mind.

These advantages, which concur in enabling a man of the most defective penetration to discourse more amply and ingeniously on noble subjects than a woman of the greatest perspicacity, are of such moment, that, in listening to a dialogue between a man and a woman of this description, the hearer must conceive the man to be an able rhetorician, and the woman to be a feeble arguer, unless he saw her observations transcribed and logically arranged by those who had acquired the habits of discussion.

An inadvertence to the above reflexions has introduced, among so many men, otherwise candid and reasonable, this great contempt for the female understanding: and what is more extraordinary, is, that this maxim, of all women having narrow intellects, has been so often repeated, that many, if not all, of the female sex have brought themselves to believe it.

CHAP. XI.

I am of opinion, that those authors who approach nearer to truth, and confirm in a more limited degree the superiority of intellect in men, conceding at the same time that many women have a solid and vigorous understanding—I say, that they would not have established even this inequality between the sexes, if they had attended to the circumstances I have mentioned; which are of such force, that, even if women excelled us in capacity, they must still appear inferior to us on most occasions.

Nor am I aware of any other foundation for this pretended inequality, besides the one which I have given, and of which I have exposed the invalidity. If, therefore, I be told that it is demonstrated by experience, I have already shown that the experience which is alleged, is deceitful; and I have manifested various instances of it's fallacy.

In addition to this refutation of experience, I am able to cite two great authorities in favor of women. The first is that able Portuguese, Don Francisco Manuel, in his '*Carta y Guia de Casados*,' (Letter or Guide to Husbands.) In this author every qualification was united, which can be required to obtain credit for his decision on the subject of which I am treating; since, besides being a man of great penetration, he had traveled in various countries, usually entering into commerce, by means of which, and by favor of the courteous mind and graceful manners he possessed, he had access to the society of respectable women in every country which he visited. This author then, not contented even with pronouncing women to be equal in intellect, allows them one advantage over

us. In the work to which I have referred, after mentioning the prejudice against them, he says, (p. 73.) 'I am of a very different opinion: and I certainly believe there are many women of great judgement. I have seen and conversed with several, in Spain, and in other kingdoms. It also appears to me, that the quickness of perception, and fluency of speech in which they excel us, must necessarily be tempered by nature with consummate prudence.'—And a little further on he says: 'And thus, since it is not possible to deprive women of the subtilty of understanding with which nature has endowed them, we must endeavour to avert the occasions on which they would exercise it to their own danger and to our destruction.'—The testimony of this author is of great weight, because, besides his great experience and wisdom, in the work I have quoted, he was far from being influenced in favor of women; and even at the end of it, he honestly blamed himself for having been too severe upon them.

The second witness is the learned Francis, abbot of Bellegarde, who was also well known in society, and who acquired an insight into the world on the great theatre of Paris. This author, in a book which he intitled '*Lettres curieuses sur la Literature et le Moral,*' has affirmed, that the mind of woman is in no wise inferior to that of man in any thing which relates to sciences or manufactures. I have not seen his work; but this sentiment is cited from it in the *Journal of Trevoux*, for April 1702. And Père Bouffier, a celebrated French writer, attempted to prove the same doctrine in his '*Examen des Préjugés vulgaires.*'

CHAP. XII.

As I have set aside the argument of experience, it remains only for my antagonists to prove the pretended disproportion of understandings from some physical cause. I am ready to affirm that none exists; since they can only have recourse, either to the ultimate disparity of their souls, or to the dissimilar organisation and different temperament of their bodies.

The ultimate disparity of their souls cannot be established; since, in the general opinion of philosophers, all rational souls are equal in physical perfection. And, even supposing a difference in souls, how will it be proved to us that God distributed the noblest among men, leaving those which were less excellent to animate women? I should be more inclined to believe, that, in this case, the soul of the Blessed Virgin was of the most highly-favored class, and that of Judas belonged to those which had been furthest from the breath of God. But women may be secure on this head, because we have good warrant for believing that our souls are neither masculine nor feminine, but will be like the angels of God in heaven.

As for the organisation of the body, I truly believe that the operations of the mind may be influenced by it's varieties: but we have not yet ascertained what organisation is most conducive to able discussion. Aristotle pretends that those whose heads are small, are the greatest in argu-

ment; and I conjecture, that, before he wrote this, he measured his own. Cardinal Sfrondati says, in his *Corso Filosofico,* that Richelieu had all the organs which minister to reflexion, double; and to this he attributes the fertile invention and quick penetration of that statesman. I understand this duplication, not as referring to the *number,* which would be monstrous, but as descriptive of the *magnitude;* in which sense it is illustrative of an opinion professed by many philosophers, that the powers of the mind are in proportion to the volume of the brain. This hypothesis is founded on the observation that the brain is proportionally larger in the human species than in any other animal.

Martinez, in his anatomy, and some others, exclude both large heads and small heads, and insist that those of a middle size are most calculated for the operations of the understanding. I must, however, remind those who measure the members of the body in order to ascertain the powers of the mind, that experience demonstrates, among men of large heads, some who are wise, and others who are stupid, and that the same occurs among those who have small ones. If the various sizes of the head and the brain induced a disparity in the mental faculties, we must observe a striking difference in the perceptions of men whose statures are unequal; since the size of the cranium, and consequently of the brain, is regulated by the height of the individual: but this is not supported by experience. And, even if what Pliny says be true, that in men the substance of the brain is materially greater than in women, (though I do not admit his authority, until it be supported by the testimony of more skilful anatomists) yet nothing is proved from this; since, if the advantage of understanding were dependent on the excessive magnitude of the brain, it must necessarily follow that a man of great sagacity should possess forty or fifty parts more of brain than an idiot; and that men of the greatest stature should generally be more intelligent than men of small stature, since they would naturally have a greater proportion of brain. And, if this position be credited by those who advance the other, I shall make no further attempt to convince them; for they are quite as well as they are.

I argue, however, that the greater or lesser perspicacity and facility of comprehension may in a measure depend on the difference of organisation; but not on that which is sensible and external, so much as on the imperceptible varieties of minute parts—as on the different texture and tension of the most delicate fibres, and on the greater or lesser concavity, purity and firmness of those fine vessels through which the spirits flow. And we cannot know whether these be dissimilar in men and in women, because no anatomic spectacles have yet ascertained the point; nor could the Cartesians, notwithstanding their microscopes, explore whether the pineal gland, which they considered as the exclusive abode of the soul, were of different texture in the two sexes.

That a difference of sensible organisation, unless it be monstrous and eccentric, produces no variety

in the operations of the intellect, is proved from there being men of different make, who are equally sagacious—and men of conformation similar to each other, who are very unequal in the faculties of their minds. Æsop, the Phrygian, was so frightful and distorted, that he had scarcely the appearance of a human being; and his name became synonymous with deformity in after ages: and yet we know that he had a mind of the most acute penetration. The prudence of Socrates excelled not his own, during the irregularities of faction; and antiquity records not his superior in rectitude of understanding.

[*To be continued.*]

THE TOURNAMENT.

(From 'Scenes in Feudal Times,' a Novel lately published.)

(Continued from p. 541.)

ON Edmund's arrival in the baron's apartment in obedience to his hasty summons, he found him seated before a table, on which his arms rested. His head reclined on his hands; and, his face concealed by them, he did not perceive the entrance of his son. Surprised at his father's attitude, Edmund paused, unwilling to disturb him.

In a few moments the baron, without moving, spoke in a low tone. 'So many years of intolerable anguish! Has not his form been ever present to my sight? Does not his voice for ever echo in my ear? Will remorse never cease? Can that moment never be forgotten?'

As he pronounced these words, he rose, and then first perceived Sir Edmund. Darting on his son an almost phrensied look, he demanded how he dared to intrude. Without waiting for an answer, he exclaimed, 'Great God! is it come to this? Are my children spies upon me?' He strode across the room two or three times; then suddenly stopping before Edmund, 'Who is this knight? Whence does he come?' he demanded in an impatient tone.

'Our friendship commenced in the camp, and of his history I am ignorant,' replied Sir Edmund; 'but his courage and honor are not excelled by the noblest knight in Christendom.'

'Of what family?'

'With his descent I am unacquainted,' rejoined Sir Edmund; 'it is a subject he has ever shunned!'

During his son's answer, the baron had assumed his former posture. After a short silence, he uttered, in a voice scarcely audible, 'Eloise! Years on years separate us like a mighty gulf. Floating on the stream of time, day after day I am carried further from thee. Beloved companion! with thee happiness quitted this bosom, now the abode of guilt and remorse!' Then starting up, he exclaimed, 'Who can awake the dead? Who can break the slumbers of the tomb? Albert, arise, arise!' Exhausted, he sunk into a chair.

Never had Edmund been so shocked. To hear his father, whose character he believed

spotless, accuse himself; to hear him utter such unconnected sentences, and mention names to him unknown, as those of intimates, excited no less astonishment than distress. From what but insanity could such conduct proceed? Under this conviction he approached the baron, and in the gentlest manner entreated him to moderate his feelings, from whatever cause they arose.

Roused by Edmund's voice, the baron lifted his head; and fixing his eyes, with a stern penetrating expression, on the countenance of his son, 'Away!' he cried: 'seek not, boy, to probe my wound: it is beyond thy reach! Think not, that, in an hour of weakness, I will remove the veil which time has dropped on former actions.' With a deep sigh he continued, 'Once I was innocent, once happy. O days of bliss! why float ye before my eyes, augmenting despair, like distant land never to be reached before the sea-tossed wretch?'

As the baron pronounced these words, his grief became more violent. Alarmed at his extreme agitation, and finding that all attempts to lessen it only produced fresh irritation, Edmund requested permission to summon Father Osborne, who acted, according to the custom of those days, in the double capacity of confessor and physician. This the baron peremptorily forbade. Now musing, now rapidly pacing the apartment, he continued to lament and to accuse himself, heedless of his son's endeavours to sooth him.

Edmund was greatly embarrassed. He was unwilling to expose the baron's situation to the domestics: to leave him was impossible; and the means of procuring assistance he was unable to devise. From this state of uneasiness he was relieved by the entrance of the baroness.

She advanced to the baron, who, absorbed in meditation, had not heard her approach, and, taking his hand, tenderly reproached him for his long absence. Wildly gazing on her, the baron exclaimed, 'Was it not his very image, his eye, his smile, all the mild dignity of his expressive face, such as I remember him in the bloom of manhood? The recollection shakes my soul.'

'My lord! my lord! you strangely forget yourself,' said the baroness softly: then in a louder tone she inquired why Edmund was detained. Without answering this question, the baron continued, 'Albert, beloved friend! unhappy Eloise—worthy a better fate!'

Here he paused, and Edmund was proceeding to inform his mother of the baron's illness, when she, interrupting him, said, 'Be not alarmed, my son: it will soon be over. I regret that you have been made a witness to it. By the morning, his usual composure will be restored. The hour is late,' she added; 'and it were better you retired to rest. The company have separated.'

In compliance with her wishes, Edmund reluctantly quitted the apartment; when the baroness, hastily following him, again encouraged him not to be anxious; and she continued, 'I adjure you to forget this scene.' Thus saying, she closed the door.

To describe the state of Ed-

mund's mind is impossible. It was a perfect chaos; and his mother's last injunction increased his amazement. Hurrying through the now-deserted galleries, where a few lamps still glimmered, he reached the court of the castle. The stars had almost disappeared, and the tints of the day streaked the east.

Here, the silence broken only by his own footsteps, he reflected on the occurrences of the evening; but in vain. No clew appeared, to guide him to the cause, not even a conjecture. To the melancholy of the baron he had been accustomed from his infancy, and viewed it without surprise; but the scene which he had just witnessed bore a new and different aspect. It betrayed the anguish of remorse. The character of guilt was palpably impressed on it, and further implied in the solicitude of the baroness. But a conclusion so revolting to honor and filial affection could not be acquiesced in. Edmund rejected it with indignation, and returned to the anxious uncertainty from which he had been painfully rescued by this terrible probability.

To remain in this state of doubt was not possible: yet to whom could he apply on so delicate a subject? The baroness evidently studied, concealment. At length the words uttered by Lord Richard occurred to his recollection. These seemed to indicate a knowlege of the mystery: and he resolved, however unseasonable the hour, immediately to seek his brother.

On entering the castle, he was surprised by a burst of laughter. It proceeded from the hall, where a few of the young guests still lingered in a state when reason takes but a small share in the actions, and indulging in all the wild sallies that youth and wine could prompt. In the noisy conversation which succeeded, he distinguished the voice of Lord Richard. From so disgraceful a scene Edmund turned with disgust; and, finding his brother thus engaged, he relinquished with regret all hope of then gaining any information, and resolved to defer the interview till the morning.

In the corridor leading to his apartment, he was met by the baroness, who informed him that she was then in quest of him. Supposing his father worse, Edmund eagerly inquired after him. 'He is better,' replied the baroness. While she spoke, she entered the recess of the window which terminated the gallery, and, motioning to Edmund to follow her, she continued, 'The strange reception which Sir Almeric experienced, requires some explanation. It is the desire of the baron and myself, that in the morning you apologise to him in our names. Ascribe our emotion to his strong resemblance of a regretted friend."

'Allow me, madam, to inquire who is this friend? From my earliest infancy I have no recollection of any one whom this knight resembles.'

'His existence terminated before you had completed your second year,' replied the baroness with a sigh. 'Your curiosity is natural; and I wish the events of this evening had never arisen to excite it.'

'Believe me, madam, I am ac-

tuated by other motives than mere curiosity, in what so deeply affects yours and my father's happiness.'

'Spare me on this subject, which I entreat may never be mentioned before the baron.'

'Why this mystery?'

'You know not the cruel doubts and apprehensions which torment me.'

'Who is Albert? Who is Eloise?'

'It is a long and mournful tale, and the recital would greatly distress me; for, next to my family, they were the dearest objects of my affection. How many summer and winter suns have set on their tomb! Let their memory rest in peace. Forget that you have ever heard of them.'

'The duty, madam, which you enjoin, is difficult.'

Edmund was proceeding, when the first rays of the sun, bursting from behind the distant hills, revealed to him the grief of the baroness. He beheld her pale; the traces of recent tears were visible, and she seemed exhausted by fatigue, and sinking under a conflict of emotions. Tenderly loving his mother, his concern for her overcame his former anxiety; and, offering his arm, he requested her to retire.

Having conducted the baroness to her chamber, and obtained a promise that she would immediately seek the repose which she so much required, Edmund again assented to the repeated injunction of silence before the baron, and withdrew to his own apartment. Opening one of the casements, he stood for some moments lost in a crowd of ideas, which rapidly succeeded each other, as waves on the shore—the last overwhelming the former, and, like them, leaving no trace. The fresh morning air relieved this fever of his brain: the confusion of his thoughts gradually subsided; and, looking towards the sun, which had just risen, he recollected with what different feelings he had on the preceding morning beheld it emerge from behind the dark woods. 'What a change has the lapse of a few hours produced! Who can boast of happiness, a shadow which for ever eludes our grasp?'—At length, throwing himself on his couch, he endeavoured to compose his mind.

Sir Almeric de St. Amand had, during the night, vainly sought to account for his singular reception, and the continued absence of the baron. A stranger to all the family except Edmund, for whom he entertained a sincere friendship, he was the less able to form an opinion. The subsequent conduct of the baroness testified, he thought, that no affront was designed: yet he felt uneasy. His lofty spirit was inflamed by the romantic feelings of knighthood, common in that age, and perhaps by the want of inherited wealth and rank. He arose early, and descending to the terrace which overlooked the battlements, and commanded a view of the sea, he continued meditating, till he was joined by Edmund; and the two friends remained in conference until the hour of breakfast.

On their entering the apartment where most of the guests were already assembled, the baron advanced to Sir Almeric, and in a hurried manner attempted to

apologise. Perceiving his extreme emotion, which, while he held his offered hand, seemed even to partake of horror, the knight, willing to relieve him, expressed regret that his appearance had occasioned any uneasiness; and, changing the subject, the conversation soon became general.

The amusements were renewed, and continued through that day and the succeeding, when a grand pageant, represented by the minstrels, closed them. But these splendid scenes were unable to efface from the minds of the guests the strong impression which the occurrence of the first evening had made, and which was further heightened by the baron's melancholy, and by his ineffectual attempts to conceal it. The most thoughtful of the company became spectators rather than actors in these festivities; and their curiosity increased in proportion as the mystery seemed impenetrable. The unblemished reputation of the baron appeared to negative any suspicion of guilt. No circumstance in his life was remembered, on which their doubts could fix; yet, in the midst of this perplexity, when nothing new arose on which to ground their surmise, the envious and malicious did not hesitate to ascribe his confusion to the recollection of some hidden crime.

Under these impressions the company left the castle, with the exception of Sir Almeric, who had been previously engaged to pass with Edmund the short interval before he commenced his expedition to Palestine.

(To be continued.)

Account of the Cochineal Insect.

(From Walton's 'Present State of the Spanish Colonies.')

THE celebrated cochineal is an insect peculiar to Mexico, and is the most useful of all that the land produces. The cochineal at it's utmost growth, in size and figure, resembles a bug; the female is ill proportioned and sluggish. The eyes, mouth, antennæ, and feet, are so concealed among the wrinkles of it's skin, that they cannot be discovered without the assistance of a microscope. The males are not so numerous; and one male serves for three hundred females: they are likewise smaller and thinner than the females, but more brisk and active. Upon the head of this insect are two articulated antennæ, in each articulation of which, are four small bristles regularly disposed. It has six feet, each consisting of three parts. From the hind part of the body, grow out two hairs, which are two or three times as long as the whole insect. The male has two large wings, which are wanting in the female: these wings are strengthened by two membranes, one external, stretching along the circumference of the wing; the other internal, which runs parallel to the former. The internal color of this insect is a deep red, but darker in the female; and the external color is a pale red. In the wild cochineal, the internal color is still darker, and the external is whitish, or ash-colored. The cochineal is reared upon a species of nopal, opuntia, or Indian prickly fig, which grows to

the height of about eight feet, and bears a fruit like the figs of other opuntias, but not eatable. It feeds upon the leaves of that tree, by sucking the juice with a trunk situated in the thorax, betwixt the two fore feet; there it passes through all the stages of it's growth, and at length produces a numerous offspring. This insect, so greatly valued in Europe on account of it's dies, and especially those of scarlet and crimson, being not only extremely delicate, but also assailed by several enemies, demands a greal deal more care from the breeders, than is necessary for the silk-worm. Rain, cold, and strong winds, destroy it. Birds, mice, and worms, persecute and devour it; hence it is absolutely necessary to keep the rows of opuntia or nopal, where these insects are bred, always clean, to attend constantly to drive away the birds which are destructive to them, to make nests of hay for them in the leaves of the opuntia; and, when the season of rain approaches, to take them along with the leaves of the plants, and keep them in houses. Before the females are delivered, they cast their skin, to obtain which spoil, the breeders make use of the tail of the rabbit, brushing most gently with it, that they may detach the insects from the leaves, without doing them any hurt. On every leaf they make three nests, and in every nest they lay about fifteen cochineals. Every year there are three gatherings, with a reserve, however, each time, of a certain number for the future generation; but the last gathering is the least valued; the cochineals being then smaller, and mixed with the shavings of the opuntia. They kill the cochineal, most commonly with hot water.

Effects of Liberty on the Human Mind.

(From Murray's 'Enquiries respecting the Character of Nations.')

IT is liberty alone which can form that stable self-determining virtue, which is alone suitable to the dignity of human nature. Little value can be attached to the good conduct of him, who does not commit evil, merely because he dares not; or who abstains from violence, because his spirits are bowed down beneath the weight of servitude. When these restraints are withdrawn, he will probably be the first to rush into every excess, and to compensate for former privations by unlimited indulgence. It is only by the habit of determining for himself, of weighing the consequences of his own actions, that he can learn to direct his conduct by sure and manly principles.

As liberty is essential to genuine virtue, so she has always been found the great nurse of the arts. Genius has taken it's highest flights only when buoyed up by her influence. The classic ages, which the fame of their writers has rendered immortal, have, almost all, been ages of unbounded freedom. Even amid the calamities of licentiousness and misrule, science has reared it's head.

In the courts of the Mahomedan conquerors, various circumstances were found united—wealth, power, and widely-extended communication. But liberty was wanting; and this was a want which nothing could repair. Philosophers, affected by the general tameness, contented themselves with bowing to Grecian authority; and, amid the learned men who crowded the courts of Haroun and of Mahmud, Sadi the poet alone laid the foundation of a lasting reputation.

Of the states of modern Italy, many were free. Florence, the most famed of all for learning, was entirely a popular government.

A free government is peculiarly favorable to the cultivation of moral and political philosophy, certainly of all branches the most important. These can seldom be carried on with safety under the jealous eye of a despot. In free states, too, the activity of the human mind, and the various aspects under which it presents itself, furnish ample room for such speculations; and present a striking contrast to the stillness and uniformity of absolute government. Poetry, as ministering to pleasure, may be expected to meet with the greatest encouragement in courts. Yet, under the shade of freedom, chiefly flourishes the poet of nature, the man who can paint human feelings and passions in true and glowing colors. A circumstance, still more wonderful, is that which takes place in the history of those arts which minister to the gratification of the external senses—the arts of painting, sculpture, and architecture. Here the greatest demand must undoubtedly be produced by the residence of a court; yet it is in the pure democracies of Athens and Florence, that they have reached the summit of excellence; while despotism can produce only huge and shapeless masses, devoid of any informing principle of genius or taste. So much more dependent are these arts upon mind, than upon external excitements.

The only sciences which flourish under despotism, are the physical and mathematical: these, when other circumstances are favorable, seem even to have some predilection for this form of government.

Extraordinary Formation of a Volcano.

(From Humbolt's 'Essay on New Spain.')

THE great catastrophe in which this mountain* rose from the earth, and by which a considerable extent of ground totally changed it's appearance, is perhaps one of the most extraordinary physical revolutions in the history of our planet. Geology gives us no example of the formation, from the centre of a thousand small burning cones, of a mountain of scoria and ashes 517 metres [1695 feet] in height, comparing it only with the level of the old adjoining plains, in the interior of a continent 36 leagues distant from the coast, and more than 42 leagues from every other active volcano.—In the month of June, 1759, a subterraneous noise was heard. Hollow noises

* Mount Jorullo, in the intendency of Valladolid, in New Spain, or Mexico.

of a most alarming nature were accompanied by frequent earthquakes, which succeeded one another from fifty to sixty days, to the great consternation of the inhabitants. From the beginning of September, every thing seemed to announce the complete re-establishment of tranquillity, when, in the night between the 28th and 29th, the horrible subterraneous noise recommenced. The affrighted Indians fled to the mountains of Aguasarco. A tract of ground from three to four square miles in extent, which goes by the name of *malpays*, rose up in the shape of a bladder. The bounds of this convulsion are still distinguished in the fractured strata.

Those who witnessed this great catastrophe from the top of Aguasarco, assert, that flames were seen to issue forth for an extent more than half a square league; that fragments of burning rocks were thrown up to prodigious heights; and that, through clouds of ashes, illuminated by the volcanic fire, the softened surface of the earth was seen to swell up like an agitated sea. The rivers of Cuitamba and San Pedro precipitated themselves into the burning chasm. The decomposition of the water contributed to invigorate the flames: eruptions of mud, and especially of strata of clay, enveloping balls of decomposed basaltes, appear to indicate that subterraneous water had no small share in producing this extraordinary revolution. Thousands of small cones from two, to three metres [6 to 9 feet] in height issued forth from the *malpays*. Each small cone is a *fumarola*, from which a thick vapor ascends to the height of ten or fifteen metres. In many of them a subterraneous noise is heard, which appears to announce the proximity of a fluid in ebullition.—It is worthy of observation, that the new volcano of Jorullo was formed on the same parallel with the ancient Mexican volcanoes.

Traits of Spanish Character and Customs.

(From Semple's 'Second Journey in Spain.')

ON the afternoon of the 16th of February I repaired to the gate of Carmona, where I found the muleteers and their cattle already collected. My portmanteau was placed on one side of the back of a mule, and balanced on the other with a large bundle of bacalao, or salt fish. I rode upon an ass without a bridle, with my pistols, my cloak, and my leathern wine-bottle, fastened to the pummel of my saddle. A woman, who was also going to Cordoba, sat in a kind of chair on the back of another ass; and, about three o'clock, the principal carrier having given the signal, the whole procession, consisting of five or six men, and nearly forty mules and asses, moved on along the road of Carmona.

At this season nothing could surpass the beautiful appearance of the plain of Sevilla, covered with fields of rising corn and olive plantations. Here and there some of the latter kind of trees stood, yet bare of leaves, and presented striking contrasts to the universal green which surrounded them.

As we proceeded, the fields became less cultivated, and the hedges were in general of aloës mixed with pines. It was dark before we reached Ervizo, a stage of four leagues from Sevilla, and a place of about five hundred houses. The mules were all unloaded, and their burdens piled up together at one end of a hall paved with rough stones, which occupied the whole length of the house. At the other end was the fire-place, where the mistress of the house, expecting our arrival, was already busy in preparing our supper of salt fish, eggs, and oil. After supper, each of the muleteers spread out the furniture and saddles of his mules for a bed; whilst, for me, a few bundles of straw were laid side by side over the stones, on which, wrapped up in my cloak, I slept soundly till the morning.

It was eight o'clock on the 17th before our caravan was completely in motion. The first part of our road was through a country of continued hills and dales, cultivated in patches of beautiful green, amid vast tracts of wild and barren land. As we approached Carmona, a stage of two long leagues, the soil is in general of a sandier nature, but more extensively cultivated. This part of the country appeared to be remarkably destitute of water; I did not observe a single brook all this morning. Near the road side was a peasant girl selling water; and a Spanish soldier being drinking at the same time, I went up to follow his example: having drank a goblet full, I was proceeding to pay for it: but the girl informed me that the señor who had just walked on had paid for me. This is a custom very common among all ranks in Spain, towards those whom they perceive to be strangers; it is meant to give an exalted idea of the generosity and magnificence of the Spanish character; and the traveler will sometimes be surprised to find his dinner paid for at a public table by some unknown, who has left the house, whom he most probably will never see again, and whose very name is concealed from him. In the present instance, however, I did not long remain indebted to my bare-legged benefactor; he being on foot, I speedily overtook him; and, although he positively refused to accept of money, he allowed me to discharge the obligation, by a long draught out of my leathern bottle, which came away very lank from his embrace.

I was surrounded at the village of Posadas by people of all classes, who, under various pretences, asked me a hundred questions, and examined minutely my cloak, my dress, and my English saddle. On my account, a better supper was prepared than I had met with since leaving Sevilla. Five or six rabbits were broiled upon the embers, then pulled to pieces, put into a large wooden bowl; and, over all, was poured hot water, mixed with oil, vinegar, garlic, pimento, and salt. As usual, we all sat down together: a large leathern bottle, holding about three quarts, was filled with tolerable wine, and being intrusted to one of the company to act as our Ganymede, the repast began. For some time, hunger prevented all conversation: but our cup-bearer performed his office with such dexterity, that, before supper was finished, our bottle was emptied; and the Andalusian peasant began to show himself in all his vivacity. It was voted

unanimously that the bottle should be replenished. They talked loud; they laughed; they sang; they cursed the French, and swore that, even should all the rest of Spain be overrun, Andalusia was sufficient to protect itself from every invader. On a sudden a fierce quarrel arose: high words passed; knives were drawn; and I expected to see our supper end in bloodshed; when the hostess, after various vain attempts to allay the storm, began to repeat the evening service to the Virgin. Immediately all was calm: the knives were sheathed; all hats were off; and, at each pause, the whole assembly murmured forth the response, and devoutly made the sign of the cross. As often as the quarrel seemed likely to be renewed, the good woman had recourse to the same expedient, and always with the same success, until, the anger of the parties being wearied out rather than assuaged, we broke up in silence, if not in friendship. These Andalusians are certainly a strange, good-natured, irascible, fickle, lively kind of race. On the ensuing morning I expected to see some traces of a quarrel so violent and so recent; but, far from it, the parties were now the best friends in the world, and, although it was Sunday, were very busily engaged at a game of cards.

Our protracted stay at Posadas enabled me to witness one of those scenes which mark, as it were, the very outskirts of war, and affect us more than those of greater horror. A poor woman of the place had been informed that her only son was killed in battle; and she of course had given herself up to grief: but, this very morning, a peasant arrived with certain intelligence, not only that her son was living, but that he was actually approaching the village, and not above a league distant from it. The first shock of these good tidings overpowered the mother's feelings; she ran out into the street, uttering screams of joy, and telling every one she met that he was not dead, that he was living, that he was approaching, that he would soon be in his dear mother's house. After some time, she exclaimed: 'But why do I stop here? come away, come away, and meet him:' and, so saying, attired as she was, she hurried into the road, and soon disappeared.—But what can describe her return? Her son lived, but alas! how changed since last she saw him! His arm had been carried away by a cannon-ball: the bandages of his wound were dyed with blood: he was pale and emaciated, and so weak, that he was with difficulty supported on his ass, in a kind of cradle, by the help of a peasant who walked by his side. On the other side walked his mother, now looking down on the ground, now up to heaven, but chiefly on her son, with anxious eyes, and a countenance in which joy and grief, exultation and despondency, reigned by turns.

JEALOUSY.

A NOVEL.

(Continued from p. 564.)

MADAME Mulhausen soon returned to the place which she had occupied near Ruhlsberg; but she found it impossible to fix his attention, as she had done before. Upon looking at him, she could

not doubt the cause of his absence of mind.

'Mrs. Patterson,' said she, 'seems to occupy your attention very deeply: do you think her handsome?'

'She is beyond the age when a woman may please by beauty alone,' replied Ruhlsberg: 'but her daughter interests me extremely—and the more so, because she appears to be far from happy.'

'Her daughter! why she has no children: she was married but six months ago.'

'Married!' exclaimed Ruhlsberg with sudden emotion: 'is that young creature married?'

'Yes, married to that old man.'

'Is it possible? Who then is she whom I mistook for her mother?'

'She is the sister of her husband; an old woman tired of her virginity; and who, it is said, will never resign, but with her last breath, the hope of rendering a lover happy.'

Ruhlsberg fell into a profound *rêveric*. It was in vain that the countess endeavoured to recall his attention to the conversation which had been broken off: he answered only by monosyllables, and generally in a manner foreign to the purpose. Angry in her own mind, yet still obliged to do the honors of her house, she gave Ruhlsberg the opportunity he was watching for, to change his place, by turning to speak to some of her guests. After having irresolutely traversed the saloon several times, he went to sit opposite Mrs. Patterson, and gazed fixedly upon her countenance.

Miss Patterson, who sat by her sister-in-law, observed that the eyes of the young stranger were always drawn towards her side. As the hope of being married had, during the last thirty years, wholly occupied her heart and her imagination, she interpreted the looks of Ruhlsberg as tending to realise that cherished hope, and seised the first occasion of entering into conversation with him—'Have you been long at Sleswick?' said she: 'shall you stay there long? are you acquainted with many of its inhabitants?'—She did not wait for regular answers to her questions; and, while she still continued them, observing that the seat next to her was vacant, she pushed it towards Ruhlsberg, while her look and action expressly said, 'take this seat: when nearer to each other, we shall converse more comfortably.'

Ruhlsberg accepted the offer, and found himself almost close to the lovely Mrs. Patterson, who took no part in the conversation, though it was impossible for her to appear not to hear it. She could not, however, lift up her eyes without encountering those of Ruhlsberg, which were unceasingly fixed upon her; so that the very answers which he made to her sister-in-law, might have been supposed to be addressed to her. For instance, Miss Patterson having asked him if he were married, he answered, with a trembling voice, that he had seen but one woman to whom his whole heart could be devoted; that to behold her, to love her, and to hear that she was irrevocably engaged, was but the event of a single moment—a moment which had decided his destiny. The young Mrs. Patterson cast

down her eyes: a faint blush tinted her cheek: she felt the blush, and it mantled into the liveliest vermilion. Covered with an enchanting confusion, she arose from her seat to avoid the eyes of Ruhlsberg, and looked over a card-table, where her husband was playing. Thus, without having addressed to her a single word, Ruhlsberg had declared his passion; and thus, without having spoken at all, Mrs. Patterson had to fear that she might have appeared to understand his discourse too well. Perhaps too she feared still more that she might have interpreted his words in a sense which they were not intended to convey.

In the mean time Miss Patterson, too much occupied with herself to observe what passed in the minds of others, was endeavouring to persuade Ruhlsberg that the passion of a moment was but a childish fancy, and that no affection could be durable, but such as was founded upon esteem. No doubt, her discourse deserved to be engraved upon marble; but, unfortunately, the person whom she addressed, did not hear one word of it; his eyes were employed in following the steps of Mrs. Patterson, and his thoughts in seeking some plausible pretext for quitting a seat which had no further attractions for him.

The Countess Mulhausen, who, during the last quarter of an hour, had been occupied in contrivances for drawing Ruhlsberg from the side of an old maiden whom she had never before thought so insupportable, now came to invite him to take his place at a card-table. He accepted the invitation, lost his money, yet was sensible of nothing but the departure of Mrs. Patterson. Her sister-in-law, indeed, was extremely attentive in taking leave of all those who played at the same table with Ruhlsberg, in order that she might not withdraw from the company without being noticed by him. This poor woman constantly passed her days in canvassing for the attention of others, and her nights in counting over the compliments which had been paid her—'He bowed to me: he staid conversing with me a long time—' Such observations were continually in the mouth of Miss Patterson: but, when she added, 'and I know too what he said to me,' then one might be certain that she expected a formal declaration of love. Alas! it was a delusive expectation, which vanished for ever, and yet was for ever renewed!

Whoever could have known what passed in the hearts of Ruhlsberg, Mrs. Patterson, and the countess, when they were at liberty to indulge their own reflexions, would have believed, from the various sentiments which filled their minds, that the past evening was preparatory of some grand event.

As for the count, who was a mere cipher in his own house, and who contented himself with an existence unvaried by ideas or passions, he fell asleep the moment he was alone. Not so his wife: her mind was all awake, and a prey to turbulent passions. Ruhlsberg was insensible to her charms; he was in love with Mrs. Patterson. The countess could not conceal from herself that at length it was her destiny to experience the terrible passion of jealousy—a passion, which it had hitherto been her delight to cre-

ate in the hearts of others. Love and jealousy made dreadful warfare within her. At length her ideas acquired more consistency; and she formed three decisive resolutions. These were, first, to continue to behave to Ruhlsberg as she had hitherto done; secondly to have it insinuated to him that Mrs. Patterson had had an attachment before her marriage, and that her attachment still continued; thirdly to avoid giving Ruhlsberg any introduction to Mrs. Patterson's house, but to cultivate such an intimacy there herself, as might tend to make her acquainted with all the circumstances in the life of this young woman, and even with the most secret thoughts of her heart.

Our hero, though little less agitated than Madame Mulhausen, was far from being so unhappy. He was more interested for the object of his passion, than for himself. He pitied her for having united herself, so young, to a man of unsuitable age, and of un-amiable manners; and he employed himself in conjecturing the motives which could have induced her to form such a union. His thoughts pictured a whole romance of the past events of Mrs. Patterson's life: but it was a romance from which love was excluded. He could not endure the suggestion that love should have a part in the story, before he himself entered as one of the personages. That blush, which overspread her cheek when he declared that he had seen only one woman who could captivate his affections—that enchanting blush was ever present to his fancy, and tinged all his ideas with its own rain-bow colors. His mind was wholly undecided upon the subject which absorbed it. He knew not clearly what he had to fear, and confessed not to himself what he dared to hope. Of this, however, he was certain, that the tedium which he had felt till now, was dispelled by the powerful enchantments of his new passion; and he began to know the value of existence, in yielding his heart to its pleasing delusions. All his reflexions ended in a sigh, which expressed these words—'Why is she married? Why is she unhappy?' for it seemed to him as certain that she suffered affliction, as if she had made him the confidant of her griefs.

(*To be continued.*)

Origin of Reading Sermons.

(*From 'The Pulpit.'*)

BY ONESIMUS.

AS to the practice of 'reading sermons,' this, it should seem, according to the statute-book of one of the universities, 'took beginning from the disorders of the times' preceding the restoration of our monarchy; and was countermanded, as no light error in the church, by Charles the Second, when king. Burnet, in his History of the Reformation, seems to account for the disuse of extempore preaching. 'Many complaints,' affirms this prelate, 'were made of those who were licenced to preach; and, that they might be able to justify themselves, they began, generally, to write and read their sermons; and thus did this custom begin.' So says Dr. Gregory; adding, that 'the ease which this practice afforded, and the correctness it induced, has continued it in the

Church of England ever since.' Widely does this writer here differ from the monarch. What Dr. Gregory terms 'ease,' Charles the Second calls 'supine and slothful;' and that very 'correctness' of which this writer seems so much to approve, is reprobated 'on pain of the displeasure' of the monarch! Perhaps it is now impracticable to ascertain what effect the royal mandate produced; how long extempore discourses only were heard; or, at what time the body of our clergy relapsed into their 'supine and slothful way' of 'reading sermons.' Methodism latterly confirmed them in this spiritual sluggishness. Certainly it is from the origination of Methodism that we must date, for some time, the almost entire discontinuance of extempore preaching. Equally anxious to avoid the imputation of ignorance and fanaticism, churchmen and dissenters alike gave up that mode of religious instruction, to which ignorance and fanaticism were supposed to be peculiarly attached.

DETACHED THOUGHTS.

IF you have been once deceived, you may blame the deceiver: if deceived a second time by the same person, blame yourself: after your former experience, you ought never to have trusted him again.

The wisest man may be once deceived: none but a fool will be twice deceived by the same person.

A liar is not to be believed on his oath. The man, who can deliberately tell a wicked falsehood, will as deliberately swear to it. If I would believe a man's oath, I would believe his simple word: if I would not believe his simple word, I would not believe his most solemn oath.

A person who can, with steady unblushing countenance, tell a lie, is qualified for the commission of any crime which he can commit without the privity of witnesses:—he has only to deny it, and impudently to persevere in his denial. J.C.

Bouts-rimés.

AT the suggestion of a correspondent, we propose, for the amusement of such of our readers as delight in puzzles, that they will try their talents at *Bouts-rimés**, in which they may display much greater ingenuity, than in the *very easy* composition of un-interesting *rebuses.* Accordingly, we present, for their first essay, the following rhimes, to be employed in any species of metre, and on whatever subject, the writer chooses—but in the same order in which they are given. Any good performance, in execution of this task, shall be inserted in our Magazine.

1.	........Love ......Grove	5.	...Care ..Wear
2.	........Stray ....Grey	6.	..Alone ..Moan
3.	......Roam ......Home	7.	...Light ...Sight
4.	.......Horn ......Morn	8.	.....End ...Friend

* Lest any of our fair readers, unacquainted with French, should incur the ridicule of her frenchified hearers by mispronouncing these words, we deem it not amiss to observe, that they are pronounced *Boo reemay.*

POETRY.

LINES,

Addressed to the amiable and beautiful Miss Osborne, St. Ives, Hunts.

EMMA, by Prior's fond mellifluent pen,
Became the wonder and delight of men;
And other bards, with love-inspiring fire,
To beauteous virgins strung th' applauding lyre.
Say, gentle muse, shall Osborne bloom unsung—
Anna the gay, the beautiful, and young?
Shall those soft features, so divinely fair,
That perfect harmony of shape and air,
Those sparkling eyes that frozen age might fire,
Wake to new sense, and bless with young desire—
Shall all those charms, for which ten thousand sigh,
No sprightly strains to youthful breasts supply?
Poetic rapture warms me at her name:
I snatch the pen, to catch from beauty fame.
No more let Sparta boast her Helen's charms,
That rous'd at once confed'rate Greece to arms,
Nor Afric' vaunt of Cleopatra's eyes,
For which Rome's hero could the world despise.
A brighter nymph I boast, to grace my songs:
A brighter nymph to Britain's isle belongs.
With strength she knows to think, with judgement choose,
Each good to cherish, and each ill refuse.
No flutt'ring fop, no self conceited beau,
Compound of folly, impudence, and show,
Can win her friendship, or enchant her heart,
Where sense and merit still maintain their part.
Above her sexes foibles is her aim—
Too good, too just, to flatter, or defame:
Each heav'n-born virtue, each endearing grace,
Glows in her breast, and sparkles in her face.
Without the varnish of delusive art,
She knows to conquer and secure the heart.
All, all, who see thee, Anna, must admire,
And envy, though it curse thy charms, desire.
The royal sage, who dar'd so long withstand
The threat'ning dangers of the seas and land,

Though not Calypso's beauty could control,
Nor Sirens' songs, nor Circe's magic bowl—
Had here, unthinking, fondly been betray'd,
His heart from chaste Penelope had stray'd,
And own'd the empire of the lovely maid.

AMATOR.

June 22, 1810.

AMELIA.

AN ELEGY.

HUSH'D be the little songsters of the grove:
Their notes no longer have the pow'r to please:
Amelia's gone, my fair and dearest love!
And sorrow took the place of wonted ease.

And art thou gone, Amelia, lovely maid?
For ever gone from me and from thy friends?
Ah! yes! in hallow'd dust thy corse is laid!
The thought is bitterness! my soul it rends.

Refulgent Queen, enlivener of eve,
Why on yon monument thy lustre throw?
O Planet! is thy aim to make me grieve?
Already clouded is my youthful brow.

I'll pluck the weeds from off Amelia's bed,
And plant fresh lovely flow'rets in their room.
The blushing rose shall flourish round her head,
The ivy cling to her supporting tomb.

Delighted, oft my eyes with wander there—
The scene of mingled pride and deep regret—
While, at each step, I wipe the bursting tear,
'Till mild Religion chase away regret:

For, while I sadly moan, will not my love
Look on her friend from out her early grave?
She will, I know, in skies though far above:
And more than angels' smiles I cannot crave.

ELIZA YEAMES.

THE DEATH OF LLEWELLIN,

THE GALLANT PRINCE OF WALES, A.D. 1293.

(From Cottle's 'Fall of Cambria.')

NOW the vast tempest swells, and deeper tones
Of horrid dissonance rush through the air.
The buckler sounding loud—the helmet's crash—
The shiver'd lance—the sword's shrill contact keen,
Grating and harsh—the pond'rous battle-axe,
With dying groan and 'Mercy's' plaintive cry,
From prostrate valour, all commingling rise,
Rousing afresh to more stupendous wrath
The warrior's furious arm? Transcendent deeds
Of noble enterprise now are perform'd.
Death, drunk with blood, reels, and forgets to count
The thronging multitudes that pass him by!
Men, great in arms, for ever close their eyes,
And, 'mid th' unheeded dead, are trodden down,
In pitiless confusion.—Spite of strength

And courage form'd in valour's sternest mould,
The Cambrian's arm is slack! Llewellyn piles
Death round him, whilst throughout the field of blood
He traverses, and lays the mighty low,
Seeking the royal crest! Edward hastes on!
The lions meet! and now the fight begins!
Llewellyn's buckler rings, and Edward's shield
Bears the deep scar! blow fast succeeding blow,
From each, with crushing vehemence, descends!—
Llewellyn's falchion snaps! and Edward's shield,
Divided, falls to earth. The king his sword
Plunged at the foe. The Cambrian's buckler wards
The stroke of fate; and now, with arm to arm,
Grappling, they strive! Such fearful vehemence
Man ne'er surpass'd. 'Avaunt!' the king exclaim'd:
Llewellyn cried, 'Avaunt!' Instant they part.
A sword and shield from the surrounding heap,
Sudden they seise, and rush again to arms!—
Still fiercer is the conflict! fighting men
Forget their strife, and, wond'ring, turn to gaze
Upon the furious combatants! His sword
Llewellyn rais'd, and, with one vengeful blow,
Put forth his latent nerve, resolv'd to bear
All force before him, gorget, helm and shield!
Edward uprais'd his buckler: the fierce blow
Alighted like Heaven's bolt! awhile he reel'd,
When, springing forward, with a sudden thrust,
He plung'd his sword deep in Llewellyn's heart.
The hero falls, and Cambria is no more.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MISS G—LL—N,

Ednam, Lincolnshire.

LET the fond bard, by wanton love betray'd,
In fancy's colors paint the flatter'd maid:
Firm friendship's Muse shall Truth's fair pencil gain,
And pay the tribute of just praise to *Jane;*
Not that she aims presumptuously to trace
Each pleasing charm, or open ev'ry grace;
In such a field, by various transports toss'd,
The Muse might wander, and the bard be lost;
As when the rainbow first attracts our eyes,
In various tints the vivid colors rise:
Now blue, now green, diverts the wond'ring sight;
And all, by turns, surprise us, and delight.
With no false fires my artless verse shall glow,
But, like thy beauties, unaffected flow.
Nature in thee claims a superior part,
And gives thee charms, beyond the reach of *art.*
Let gay coquettes their pretty glances roll;
Thy eyes speak sense, and penetrate the soul.
In crowded balls let others strive to shine,
And gain, by art, what is by nature thine;
In crowded balls the studied glance dispense,
Where affectation takes the lead of sense:
But *you* those empty vanities despise,
And look on pleasures, not with female eyes.
Adorn'd with native dignity, and ease,
And inborn worth, that's ever sure to please,
Stiff to no tenets, to no sect confin'd,
Thy gen'rous soul can feel for all mankind.
O form'd each nobler passion to inspire,
To raise the *friend's* esteem, the *lover's* fire!
Thy *mind* shall charm, when youth's short bloom is past;
And, when love's fires decline, esteem shall last.
As on that form I gaze with wond'ring eyes,
Alternate motions in my bosom rise;
Now virtue awes me, and now passion burns;
The angel, and the woman, rule by turns.

But Oh! sweet maid! while mortal you
remain,
Live as you ought; but let *Thalia*
reign:
Let youth, at least, to mortal joys be
giv'n—
On earth ador'd, and then a saint in
heav'n.

Harrowgate-Grove, 1810. EDWARD.

EPIGRAMME.

'HUISSIERS, qu'on fasse silence!'
Dit, en tenant audience,
Un président de Beaugé:
'C'est un bruit à tête fendre:
Nous avons déjà jugé
Dix causes, *sans les entendre*.'

We shall be much obliged to any of our poetic readers for a translation, or imitation, of these lines.

Chronology of the most remarkable Occurrences in the Year 1810.

January 6. Peace signed between France and Sweden.

Jan. 11. The spire of Saint Nicholas's church, at Liverpool, fell in, and killed and maimed several persons.

Jan. 12. Great conflagration at Dover.

Jan. 14. Hanover annexed to the kingdom of Westphalia.

Buonaparte's marriage with the empress Josephine dissolved.

Jan. 18. Mr. Lyon Levi threw himself from the top of the London Monument, and was dashed to pieces.

Jan. 23. The session of Parliament opened by commission.

Jan. 24. Prince Christian Augustus adopted by the King of Sweden as his son, with the name of Charles Gustavus, and acknowledged as hereditary prince.

Jan. 27. Proclamation for a general fast.

Jan. 31. Col. Wardle received the thanks and freedom of the City of London in a gold box.

About the end of this month, a violent tempest, of two days' duration, at Otschosk in Siberia, raising the water in the river twelve feet above its ordinary level, and carrying a ship into the middle of the town.

February 1. The flour-mills at Ballinrobe, in Ireland, destroyed by fire caused by the friction of the machinery.

Feb. 1. A meeting of English Roman Catholics at the St. Albans tavern, London, voted a petition to Parliament for a repeal of the penal statutes against their sect.

Feb. 5. Malaga entered by the French, and given up to pillage for two days.

Feb. 6. Guadaloupe taken by the English from the French.

Feb. 9. The electors of Westminster voted a petition to Parliament for a reform in the representation.

Feb. 16. A shock of an earthquake, of unusual violence and duration, felt at Malta.

Feb. 17. A decree passed at Paris for the union of the Roman states to France.

Feb. 19. Treaty of friendship and alliance concluded between his Britannic Majesty and the Prince Regent of Portugal.

Feb. 20. The British Government announces to the foreign ambassadors in this country a determination to blockade the ports and coasts of Spain, from Gijon to the French territory.

Feb. 21. John Gale Jones committed to Newgate by order of the House of

Commons, upon a charge of libel on that body.

Feb. 27. The foundation-stone of a new pier was laid at Berwick upon Tweed.

Mr. Fuller, M.P. for Sussex, committed to the custody of the serjeant at arms for disrespectful language to the speaker of the House of Commons.

March 1. The isle of Walcheren united to France.

March 4. The Duke of Orléans invited by the regency of Spain to assume the command of the army of Catalonia.

March 5. Paid into the treasury 1500*l.* received by the chancellor of the exchequer in an anonymous letter, as the amount of certain duties omitted to be paid by the writer.

March 9. The number of dollars stamped and issued by the bank of England, previous to this date, was 4,817,634.

A sum of 980,000*l.* voted by parliament, as a subsidy to Portugal.

March 11. Buonaparte married, by proxy, to Maria Louisa, arch-duchess of Austria.

March 16. Zealand, Dutch Brabant, &c. united to France by a treaty between Buonaparte and his brother Louis, king of Holland.

March 24. Ceuta, on the Barbary shore, occupied by British troops.

March 25. Quantity of woollen cloths made in Yorkshire during the year ending this day, 15,777,805 yards—being near one million and a half above the number made in the preceding year.

March 26. A large sea-eagle, measuring seven feet, six inches, killed in Lincolnshire.

April 1. Buonaparte's marriage with the arch-duchess of Austria celebrated at Paris.

April 5. Foundation-stone of new pier laid at Margate.

April 6. The House of Commons order Sir Francis Burdett to the Tower, upon a charge of libel on that body, and a breach of their privileges.

The House of Commons voted an increase in the salaries of the Scottish and Irish judges.

April 9. Sir Francis Burdett arrested in his own house by the serjeant at arms, and committed to the Tower.

April 11. The foundation-stone of the Taunton and Somerset hospital was laid.

April 12. A bill, for the removal of Smithfield market, rejected in the House of Commons.

April 14. Mr. Walsh Porter's collection of pictures sold by auction for 30,033*l.*—one of the pictures for 2750*l.* another for 2050l.

April 16. The fortress and isle of St. Maura taken by the British forces.

April 18. The House of Commons voted 50,000*l.* for completing the Caledonian canal.

April 21. In an insurrection at Constantinople, the Janizaries set fire to several houses; which conflagration consumed a third part of the suburb of Pera.

April 26. The first stone of a new bridge at Carrow laid by the mayor of Norwich.

April 30. The House of Commons voted 400,000*l.* to enable his majesty to make good his engagements with the king of Sicily, for the year 1810.

May 1. The commencement of the fourth century from the foundation of St. Paul's school, London, was celebrated by gentlemen educated in that seminary.

May 2. Petition from the freeholders of Middlesex rejected by the House of Commons.

May 4. The House of Commons vote 7000*l.* ayear to the duke of Brunswick Wolfenbuttle, nephew to his Majesty.

The livery of London passed resolutions expressing their 'regret and indignation' at the proceedings of the House of Commons in the commitment of Sir Francis Burdett to the Tower—and voted a petition to parliament for a reform in the representation.

A French convoy of seventeen armed and coasting vessels taken by the English at the isle of Rhé, and partly destroyed.

May 9. Petition from the livery of London rejected by the House of Commons.

May 16. The ministerial budget for the year, fifty millions and a half.

May 17. A mutiny of the Mendip local militia at Bath, on account of a deduction made by their officers from the marching guinea.

May 22. Resolved by the House of Commons to double the duties on timber from the Baltic, and to grant bounties on the importation of timber from the British territories in America.

May 23. Mr. Hunt, late treasurer of the Ordnance, is expelled from the House

of Commons for mis-application of the public money.

May 23. Riots at Rotterdam.

May 29. The crown prince of Sweden fell from his horse in an apoplectic fit, and instantly expired.

May 31. Attack on the Duke of Cumberland by Salis, his own valet, with the intent of assassinating him.

June 1. A motion in favor of the Roman Catholics negatived in the House of Commons by a very great majority—negatived also by a great majority in the House of Lords, June 6.

June 6. The common council of the city of London vote a petition to the House of Commons in favor of parliamentary reform.

June 8. Meeting of the freeholders of Middlesex at Hackney, and several resolutions passed in consequence of the rejection of their late petition to the House of Commons for the release of Sir Francis Burdett, and a reform in the representation.

Vote of the House of Commons to raise the salary of the lord lieutenant of Ireland from 20,000 to 30,000*l*. a year.

The province of Walachia united to the Russian empire.

June 13. Petitions from the freeholders of Middlesex and the inhabitants of Sheffield rejected by the House of Commons.

June 15. Mr. Cobbett tried for libel, and condemned to two years' imprisonment in Newgate.

June 21. Parliament prorogued; and Sir Francis Burdett, of course, released from his confinement in the Tower.

July 1. Louis Buonaparte, king of Holland, abdicates the regal dignity in favor of his son, Napoleon Louis.

July 1 and 2. Tremendous and destructive storms in different parts of the kingdom.

July 6. A convention, and truce for two years, concluded between Portugal and the Dey of Algiers.

July 7. An attempt made to seise the person of Joseph Buonaparte, king of Spain.

July 8. The isle of Bourbon taken from the French by the English.

July 9. Decree of the emperor Napoleon, annexing Holland to France.

July 10. Ciudad Rodrigo surrenders to the French.

July 11. The Persian ambassador at the British court took leave of their majesties, preparatory to his departure for Persia.

July 15. Dreadful and destructive tempests in various parts of the kingdom.

July 17. The ship, Queen Charlotte, of 120 guns, launched at Deptford.

July 31. The Argus, English newspaper at Paris, terminated its existence.

A flock of crossbills, or German parrots, appeared at Aberdeen.

August 18. The prince of Ponte Corvo, the French general Bernadotte, nominated crown prince of Sweden.

Aug. 27. Almeida surrendered to the French by the English and Portuguese.

September 5. A conflagration at Buda destroyed above four hundred houses.

Sept. 6. Battle of Rudschuck gained by the Russians over the Turks.

Sept. 11. A great eruption from Mount Vesuvius.

Sept. 27. The battle of Buzaco gained by the English and Portuguese over the French.

Sept. 28. The first session of the Cortes opened at Cadiz.

October 19. A decree issued by Buonaparte for the burning of British manufactures.

Oct. 25. His Majesty, George III. completed the fiftieth year of his reign.

Oct. 30. The earl of Ormond sold to government, for 200,000*l*. his right to the duty of prizage, &c. on wines imported into Ireland.

November 1. Parliament meet; and his Majesty's indisposition is announced.

Nov. 2. Death of the princess Amelia, youngest daughter of his Majesty, George III.

Nov. 9. The corporation of London went in a private manner to the court of Exchequer, where the lord mayor elect was sworn into office by the barons; the usual procession being omitted on account of the king's illness.

Nov. 9 and 10. Tremendous and destructive storms in almost every part of the kingdom.

Nov. 14. Gustavus Adolphus, the deposed king of Sweden, arrives at Yarmouth.

Nov. 16. Edict issued at Berlin for the general suppression of ecclesiastic establishments throughout Prussia.

Nov. 19. Sweden declares war against England.

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